HYMNS, &c.

COMPOSED ON

Various Subjects.

By J. HART.

O sing unto the Lord a new Song; for he hath done MARVELLOUS THINGS: *His right Hand, and his holy Arm hath gotten him the Victory.* Psalm xcviii. 1.

THE FIFTH EDITION.
With the AUTHOR'S EXPERIENCE, the SUPPLEMENT, and APPENDIX.

LONDON:
Printed by M. Lewis, in Pate
And sold by F. NEWBERY, at
ter-noster-Row; and at the
(the Lamb) near Durham-Y
and at the MEETING in Jewi
Price bound Two S

1759

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TO THE
READER.

IN the Second Edition of my Hymns the Preface was omitted for ſeveral Reaſons: The chief of which were theſe.

I thought the Account of my Experience was ſufficiently publiſhed and diſperſed in the firſt Edition; and therefore there needed no Repetition of it; eſpecially as the Book was now more adapted, (by the Addition of the Supplement) to public Worſhip, where Narratives of any kind are not very neceſſary: Nor was I without Apprehenſion that ſome ill Uſe might be made of it, as there are ſeveral Paſſages in it that may not ſuit the Condition of many Chriſtians. It was therefore to be feared that ſome fooliſh Men might take Liberty from it to turn the Grace of God into Laſciviouſneſs; and that what was deſigned to diſplay the Infinite Mercy of God to his Children, might be made, by the Tempter's Craft, an Occaſion of falling.

But the earneſt and repeated Enquiries that were made after the Preface, and

the longing Deſire ſome expreſſed for it, and (what was above all) the ſeveral Accounts I received from ſerious Chriſtians, to whom it had been much bleſſed, did at laſt (as ſo many Calls of Providence, which I was unwilling to reſiſt) prevail upon me to reprint it in the Third Edition: and for the ſame Reaſons it was judged proper to continue it.

I beſeech Almighty God to make it further uſeful to his Children, in making them ſee by it the Riches of his free Grace to the worſt of Men; for which Intent it was written. And let thoſe who may be tempted thereby to tempt God, or to backſlide, in hopes of being ſo miraculouſly reclaimed, conſider that the Repentance to Salvation given Me may not be given to Them. I charge them therefore in the Name of God to beware of any ſuch diabolical Deluſion; for they who ſay, Let us ſin that Grace may abound, Their Damnation is juſt. *And the Damnation which Men incur by a preſumptuous wilful Abuſe and Contempt of the Goſpel, is worſe than that of* Sodom *and* Gomorrah: For our God is a conſuming Fire.

PREFACE

To the First Edition.

THE following Hymns were compoſed, partly from ſeveral Paſſages of Scripture laid on my Heart, or opened to my Underſtanding from time to time by the Spirit of God, or elſe hinted to me by other Chriſtians; (of which latter there are indeed but very few) partly from Impreſſions felt under different Frames of Spirit at the Times when they were reſpectively written; and partly from ſpontaneous Impulſes, or ſerious Reflections on ſuch Subjects as accidentally occurred to my Mind. There are alſo Paſſages interſperſed here and there, that were written many Years ago on various Occaſions, and now thought worthy, after a long Suppreſſion, of being revived and brought to Light; but theſe likewiſe are very few.

They were begun almoſt two Years ago; but have been greatly impeded, and often interrupted by Diſorder and Darkneſs of Soul, Afflictions and Temptations of various Kinds, and other Hindrances. They are publiſhed not only in the ſame *Order*, but almoſt in the ſame *Manner* in which they were firſt written: For though they have ſince undergone a curſory Reviſal, and have

been lightly retouched, the Alterations I have made in them are neither very numerous nor material.

I deſire wholly to ſubmit them, with myſelf, to the all-wiſe Diſpoſal of that God, the ſweet enlivening Influences of whoſe bleſſed Spirit I often felt while they were compoſing. All I would humbly wiſh is; that Jeſus of *Nazareth* the mighty God, the Friend of Sinners, would be pleaſed to make them, in ſome Meaſure (weak and mean as they are) inſtrumental in ſetting forth his Glory, propagating and enforcing the Truths of his Goſpel, chearing the Hearts of his People, and exalting his ineſtimable Righteouſneſs, upon which alone the unworthy Author deſires to reſt the whole of his Salvation.

Tho' the rich Diſplays of God's free ſovereign Grace, and electing Love to Me the chief of Sinners may be ſeen, by an enlightened Eye, in ſeveral Parts of the Compoſitions; and tho' one of them in particular (No. XXVII. Page 39. entituled, *The Author's own Confeſſion*) be written profeſſedly with that View; I ſhall nevertheleſs lay hold on the preſent Occaſion to make my public Acknowledgement of God's unmerited Mercy to me, by giving a brief and ſummary

ſummary Account of the great Things he hath done for my Soul: I ſay, *a brief and ſummary* Account; for a minute and circumſtantial Detail of them would more than fill an ample Volume.

AS I had the Happineſs of being born of believing Parents, I imbibed the ſound Doctrines of the Goſpel from my Infancy; nor was I without Touches of Heart, Checks of Conſcience, and Meltings of Affections by the ſecret Strivings of God's Spirit with me while very young: But the Impreſſions were not deep, nor the Influences laſting, being frequently defaced and quenched by the Vanities and Vices of Childhood and Youth.

About the twenty-firſt Year of my Age, I began to be under great Anxiety concerning my Soul. The Spirit of Bondage diſtreſſed me ſore; though I endeavoured (as I believe moſt under legal Convictions do) to commend myſelf to God's Favour, by Amendment of Life, virtuous Reſolutions, moral Rectitude, and a ſtrict Attendance on religious Ordinances. I ſtrove to ſubdue my Fleſh by Faſting, and other rigorous Acts of Penance and Mortification; and whenever I was captivated by it's Luſts (which indeed was often the Caſe) I endeavoured to reconcile myſelf again to God by Sorrow for my Faults; which, if attended with Tears, I hoped would paſs as current Coin with Heaven; and then I judged myſelf whole again, and to ſtand on equal Terms with my Foes, till the next Fall; which generally ſucceeded in a ſhort Time.

In

In this uneaſy reſtleſs Round of ſinning and repenting, working and dreading, I went on for above ſeven Years; when a great domeſtic Affliction befalling me, (in which I was a moderate Sufferer, but a monſtrous Sinner) I began to ſink deeper and deeper into Conviction of my Nature's Evil, the Deceitfulneſs and Hardneſs of my Heart, the Wickedneſs of my Life, the Shallowneſs of my Chriſtianity, and the Blindneſs of my Devotion. I ſaw that I was in a dangerous State; and that I muſt have a better Religion than I had yet experienced, before I could, with any Propriety, call myſelf a Chriſtian. How did I now long to feel the Merits of Chriſt applied to my Soul by the Holy Spirit! How often did I make my ſtrongeſt Efforts to call God *my God!* But alas! I could no more do this, than I could raiſe the Dead. I found now, by woful Experience, that Faith was not in my Power; and the Queſtion with me now was, not whether I *would* be a Chriſtian or no; but whether I *might*; not whether I ſhould repent and believe; but whether God would give me true Repentance, and a living Faith.

After ſome Weeks paſſed in this gloomy, dreadful State, the Lord was pleaſed to comfort me a little, by enabling me to appropriate, in ſome meaſure, the Merits of the Saviour to my own Soul. This Comfort increaſed for ſome Time: And my Underſtanding was alſo wonderfully illuminated in reading the holy Scriptures; ſo that I could ſee Chriſt in many Paſſages, where before I little imagined to find him; and was encouraged to hope I had an Intereſt

tereſt in his Merits, and the Benefits by him procured to his People.

In this bleſſed State my Continuance was but ſhort: For, ruſhing impetuouſly into Notions beyond my Experience, I haſted to make myſelf a Chriſtian by mere Doctrine, adopting other Mens Opinions before I had tried them; and ſet up for a great Light in Religion, diſregarding the internal Work of Grace begun in my Soul by the Holy Ghoſt. This *Liberty*, aſſumed by myſelf, and not given by Chriſt, ſoon grew to *Libertiniſm*; in which I took large progreſſive Strides, and advanced to a dreadful Height, both in Principle and Practice. In a word, I ran ſuch dangerous Lengths both of carnal and ſpiritual Wickedneſs, that I even out-went profeſſed Infidels, and ſhocked the Irreligious and Profane with my horrid Blaſphemies, and monſtrous Impieties. Hardneſs of Heart was, with me, a Sign of good Confidence; Careleſſneſs went for Truſt, empty Notions for great Light, a ſeared Conſcience for Aſſurance of Faith, and raſh Preſumption for Chriſtian Courage.

My Actions were, in a great meaſure, conformable to my Notions: For having (as I imagined) obtained by Chriſt a Liberty of ſinning, I was reſolved to make Uſe of it; and thought the more I could ſin without Remorſe, the greater Hero I was in Faith. A tender Conſcience I deemed Weakneſs; Prayer I left for Novices and Bigots; and a broken and contrite Heart was a Thing too low and legal for me to *approve*, much more to *deſire*. Not to dwell on Particulars, I ſhall only ſay (what, though

though ſhocking to hear, is too true!) that I *committed all Uncleanneſs with Greedineſs.*

In this abominable State I continued, a looſe Backſlider, an audacious Apoſtate, a bold-faced Rebel, for nine or ten Years, not only committing Acts of Lewdneſs myſelf, but infecting Others with the Poiſon of my Deluſions. I publiſhed ſeveral Pieces on different Subjects, chiefly Tranſlations of the ancient Heathens; to which I prefixed Prefaces, and ſubjoined Notes of a pernicious Tendency; and indulged a Freedom of Thought far unbecoming a Chriſtian.

But God, who is rich in Mercy, and whoſe Grace is, like himſelf, almighty, did not altogether give me up to Hardneſs and Impenitence: I felt, from time to time, Meltings of Heart and inward Compunction; and had a ſecret Hope at the Bottom (which often roſe above my groſs Corruptions) that I ſhould not always go on in this abandoned Manner, and run as reprobate to final Perdition.

About ſeven or eight Years ago, I began by degrees to reform a little, and to live in a more ſober and orderly Manner. And now, as I retained the Form of ſound Words, and held the Doctrines of Free-Grace, Juſtification by Faith, and other orthodox Tenets, I was tolerably confident of the Goodneſs of my State; eſpecially as I could now alſo add that other Requiſite, a moral Behaviour. Surely thought I, though I have been ſo profligate and profane, yet as I am now reclaimed, and am not only ſound in Principles, but ſober and honeſt in Practice, I cannot but be in the right Way to the Favour of God.

For ſeveral Years I went on in this eaſy, cool, ſmooth, and indolent Manner, with a lukewarm inſipid

insipid kind of Religion, yet not without some secret Whispers of God's Love, and Visitations of his Grace, and now and then warm Addresses to him in private Prayer. But alas! all this while my Heart was whole; the Fountains of the great Deeps of my sinful Nature were not broken up. I was therefore conscious that the written Word of God was against me, especially those Parts of it, that represent the Children of God as a poor, afflicted, mourning, broken-hearted People; of which Characteristics I was destitute: Nor was the Blood of Christ effectually applied to my Soul. I looked on his Death indeed as the grand Sacrifice for Sin; and always thought on him with Respect and Reverence; but did not see the inestimable Value of his Blood and Righteousness clearly enough to make me abhor myself, and count all Things else but Dung and Dross. On the contrary, when I used to read the Scriptures (which I now did constantly, both in *English* and the original Languages) though my Mind was often affected, and my Understanding illuminated by many Passages that treated of the Saviour; yet I was so far from seeing, or owning that there was such a Necessity for his Death, and that it could be of such infinite Value as is represented, that I have often resolved (O the horrible Depth of Man's Fall, and the desperate Wickedness of the human Heart!) that I never would believe it; and have been tempted to tell God himself, that he could not make me, without injuring my Reason, and imposing on my Understanding, by downright Violence and perversive Power.

About three or four Years ago, I fell into a deep Despondency of Mind, because I had never

ver experienced grand Revelations and miraculous Diſcoveries. I was very melancholy, and ſhunned all Company, walking penſively alone, or ſitting in private, and bewailing my ſad and dark Condition, not having a Friend in the World, to whom I could communicate the Burden of my Soul; which was ſo heavy, that I ſometimes heſitated even to take my neceſſary Food. But after many a gloomy doleful Hour ſpent in Solitude and Sorrow, not without ſtrong and frequent Cries and Tears to God, and beſeeching him to reveal himſelf to me in a clearer Manner, I thought he aſked me, in the midſt of one of my Prayers; Whether I rather choſe the viſionary Revelations, of which I had formed ſome wild Idea, or to be content with truſting to the low deſpiſed Myſtery of a crucified Man? I was enabled to prefer the latter; and felt great Comfort in expecting the future Effects of my Choice.

But Gloom of Mind, and Dejection of Spirit ſtill frequently overwhelmed me: From which I uſed to be relieved, by pouring out my Soul to Chriſt, and beſeeching him, with Cries and Groans and Tears, to reveal himſelf to me; praying at the ſame Time it might be done without Pain; for I was ſo much a Coward, that I preferred Eaſe to every other Conſideration. I was often anſwered by ſuch Portions of Scripture as theſe: *Behold I come quickly*; *and my Reward is with Me.*—*That which thou haſt already, hold faſt till I come.* To the *latter* of theſe, I cloſed my Hands faſt, and cried, I would ſooner part with every Drop of Blood, than let go the Hopes I already had in a crucified Saviour: And to the *former*, I uſed to reply, (after conſidering the

the Words, *My Reward is with me:*) "Come, "Lord Jeſus, come quickly." For tho' I expected ſome ſore Viſitation; yet, believing that Chriſt would bring Strength and Power with him, I waited, and longed for his Coming.

The Week before *Eaſter* 1757, I had ſuch an amazing View of the Agony of Chriſt in the Garden, as I know not well how to deſcribe. I was loſt in Wonder and Adoration; and the Impreſſion it made was too deep, I believe, ever to be obliterated—I ſhall ſay no more of this; but only remark, that notwithſtanding all that is talked about the Sufferings of Jeſus, none can know any thing of them, but by the Holy Ghoſt; and, I believe, he that knows moſt, knows but very little. It was upon this I made the firſt Part of Hymn 1. *On the Paſſion:* Which however, I afterwards mutilated and altered.

I uſed to be often terribly cut down with thoſe Words. *And caſt ye the unprofitable Servant into outer Darkneſs: There ſhall be weeping and gnaſhing of Teeth*, Matt. xxv. 30. Which ſometimes ſunk me almoſt to utter Deſpair; and then again I uſed to receive ſome Comfort. At length, Deſpair began to make dreadful Head againſt me; Hopes grew fainter, and Terrors ſtronger: Which latter were increaſed by a faithful Letter I received from a Friend, who had alſo run great Lengths of Impiety with me formerly, but was now reclaimed. The Convictions I now laboured under, were not like thoſe legal Convictions I had formerly felt, but far worſe, horrible beyond Expreſſion. I looked on myſelf as a Goſpel-Sinner; one that had trampled under Foot the Blood of Jeſus; and for whom there remained no more Sacrifice for Sin. I ſhall not

enlarge here, chuſing rather to ſuppreſs than exaggerate; as I do not lay any Streſs on my own Sufferings, or thoſe of any other Man, except the Man Chriſt Jeſus; but ſurely what I felt was very grievous. For ſo deep was my Deſpair, that I found in me a Kind of Wiſh, that I might only be damned with the common Damnation of Tranſgreſſors of God's Law. But, oh! I thought the hotteſt Place in Hell muſt be my Portion. All the evangelical Promiſes were ſo far from comforting me, that they were my greateſt Tormentors; becauſe they would only increaſe my Condemnation.

This Diſtreſs and Anguiſh of Soul was likewiſe attended with great Infirmity of Body. One Morning I was waked with intolerable Pain, as if Balls of Fire were burning my Reins. Amidſt this excruciating Torture, which laſted near an Hour, one of the firſt Things I thought on was, the pierced Side of Jeſus, and what Pain of Body, as well as Soul, he underwent. Soon after this *fiery* Stroke, I was ſeized in the Evening with a *cold* Shivering, which I concluded to be the icy Damp of Death, and that after That muſt come everlaſting Damnation. In this Condition I went to my Bed; but dared not cloſe my Eyes, even when Nature was overcharged, leſt I ſhould awake in Hell.

While theſe Horrors remained, I uſed to run backwards and forwards to Places of religious Worſhip, eſpecially to the Tabernacle in *Moorfields*, and the Chappel in *Tottenham-Court*: Where, indeed I received ſome Comfort (which, tho' little, was *then* highly prized, becauſe greatly needed) but in the general almoſt every Thing ſerved only to condemn me; to make me rue my own

own Backſlidings, and envy thoſe Children of God, who had continued to walk honeſtly ever ſince their firſt Converſion. Notions of Religion I wanted no Man to teach me; I had Doctrine enough; but found by woful Experience, that dry Doctrine, tho' ever ſo ſound, will not ſuſtain a Soul in the Day of Trial.

In this ſad State I went moping about (and that I could, was next to a Miracle) having ſome little Hope at the Bottom under all, which now and then would glimmer, but was ſoon overwhelmed again with Clouds of Horror, till *Whitſunday* 1757; when I happened to go in the Afternoon to the *Moravian* Chappel in *Fetter-Lane*, where I had been ſeveral Times before. The Miniſter preached on theſe Words; *Becauſe thou haſt kept the Word of my Patience, I alſo will keep thee from the Hour of Temptation, which ſhall come upon all the World, to try them that dwell upon the Earth*, Rev. iii. 10. Tho' the Text, and moſt of what was ſaid on it, ſeemed to make greatly againſt me; yet I liſtened with much Attention, and felt myſelf deeply impreſt by it. When it was over, I thought of haſtening to *Tottenham-Court* Chappel; but preſently altering my Mind, returned to my own Houſe.

I was hardly got home, when I felt myſelf melting away into a ſtrange Softneſs of Affection; which made me fling myſelf on my Knees before God. My Horrors were immediately diſpelled, and ſuch Light and Comfort flowed into my Heart, as no Words can paint. The Lord by his Spirit of Love came,—not in a viſionary Manner into my Brain, but with ſuch divine Power and Energy into my Soul, that I was loſt in bliſsful Amazement. I cried out,

"What Me, Lord?" His Spirit anſwered in me, *Yes Thee.* I objected; "But I have been ſo "unſpeakably vile and wicked"—The Anſwer was; *I pardon thee fully and freely. Thy own Goodneſs* (for I had now ſet about a thorough Amendment, if peradventure I might be ſpared) *cannot ſave thee; nor ſhall thy Wickedneſs damn thee. I undertake to work all thy Works in thee and for thee; and to bring thee ſafe through all.* The Alteration I then felt in my Soul, was as ſudden and palpable, as that which is experienced by a Perſon ſtaggering, and almoſt ſinking under a Burden, when it is immediately taken from his Shoulders. Tears ran in Streams from my Eyes for a conſiderable while; and I was ſo ſwallowed up in Joy and Thankfulneſs, that I hardly knew where I was. I threw my Soul willingly into my Saviour's Hands; lay weeping at his Feet, wholly reſigned to his Will, and only begging that I might, if he was graciouſly pleaſed to permit it, be of ſome Service to his Church and People.

Thenceforth I enjoyed ſweet Peace in my Soul; and had ſuch clear and frequent Manifeſtations of his Love to me, that I longed for no other Heaven. My Horrors were baniſhed, and have not, I think, returned ſince with equal Violence. And tho' I can ſee little Signs, as yet, of his granting my Requeſt concerning Uſefulneſs *; tho' I am very barren of Good, and full of Evil; tho' I have many ſore Trials and Temptations in my Soul; yet it pleaſes the Lord to reveal himſelf often in me, to open the

* Note, This was written before the Author's Call to the Miniſtry.

the Myſteries of his Croſs, and give me to truſt in his precious Blood.

Not long after this my—Shall I call it *Reconverſion?* I was terribly infeſted with Thoughts ſo monſtrouſly obſcene and blaſphemous, that they cannot be ſpoken, nor ſo much as hinted; and, I believe, ſuch as hardly ever entered into the Heart of any other Man; tho' I am ſenſible that moſt of God's Children are ſometimes attacked in like Manner: But mine were foul and black beyond Example, and ſeemed to be the Maſter-pieces of Hell. They haunted me ſome Months; and uſed to make me weep bitterly, and cry earneſtly to my God to remove them: Which at laſt he was pleaſed to do in a great meaſure; tho' they would often be returning ſtill, like intruding Viſitants, but are not permitted to come with much Power. In ſhort, I feel myſelf now as poor, as weak, as helpleſs, and dependent as ever; but now my Weakneſs is my greateſt Strength: I now rejoice, tho' I rejoice with Trembling.

I ſoon began to be viſited by God's Spirit in a different Manner from whatever I had felt before. I had conſtant Communion with him in Prayer. His Sufferings, his Wounds, his Agonies of Soul were impreſt upon me in an amazing Manner. I now believed my Name was ſculptured deep in the Lord Jeſus's Breaſt, with Characters never to be eraſed. I ſaw him, with the Eye of Faith, ſtooping under the Load of *my* Sins; groaning and grovelling in *Gethſemane* for *Me*. The incarnate God was more and more revealed to me; and I had far other Notions of his Sufferings, than I had entertained before. Now I ſaw that the Grief of Chriſt

was the Grief of my Maker; that his Wounds were the Wounds of the Almighty God; and the leaſt Drop of his Blood now appeared to me more valuable than ten Thouſands of Worlds. As I had before thought his Sufferings *too little*, they now appeared to me to be *too great*; and I often cried out, in Tranſports of bliſsful Aſtoniſhment; "Lord, 'tis too much, "'tis too much; ſurely my Soul was not worth "ſo great a Price." I had alſo ſuch a Spirit of ſympathetic Love to the Lord Jeſus given me, that after I had left off to ſorrow for *myſelf*, for ſome Months I grieved and mourned bitterly for *Him*. I looked on him whom I had pierced, and felt ſuch ſharp Compunction, mixt at the ſame time with ſo much Compaſſion, that the Pain and the Pleaſure I experienced, are much better felt than expreſt.

Jeſus Chriſt, and He crucified, is now the only Thing I deſire to know. In that incarnate Myſtery are contained all the rich Treaſures of divine Wiſdom. This is the Mark, towards which I am ſtill preſſing forward. This is the Cup of Salvation, of which I wiſh to drink deeper and deeper. This is the Knowledge, in which I long to grow; and deſire at the ſame time a daily Increaſe in all true Grace and Godlineſs. All Duties, Means, Ordinances, *&c.* are to me then only rich, when they are enriched with the Blood of the Lamb; in Compariſon of which, all Things elſe are but Chaff and Huſks.

PHARISAIC ZEAL, and ANTINOMIAN SECURITY, are the two Engines of Satan, with which he grinds the Church in all Ages, as betwixt the upper and the nether Milſtone. The Space between them is much narrower and harder

harder to find, than moſt Men imagine. It is a Path which the Vulture's Eye hath not ſeen; and none can ſhew it us but the Holy Ghoſt. Here, let no one truſt the Directions of his own Heart, or of any other Man; leſt by being warned to ſhun the One, he be daſhed againſt the Other. The Diſtinction is too fine for Man to diſcern: Therefore, let the Chriſtian aſk Direction of his God. Theſe two hideous Monſters continually worry and perplex my Soul: Nor is the *Former*, tho' appearing in a holier Shape, one Whit leſs, but (if poſſible) more odious to me than the *Latter*. Therefore, from the wonderful Dealings of God towards me, I endeavour to draw the following Obſervations.

On the one Hand, I would obſerve; That it is *not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth; but of God which ſheweth Mercy*——That none can make a Chriſtian, but he that made the World ——That it is the Glory of God to bring Good out of Evil.——That whom he loveth, he loveth unto the End.—That tho' all Men ſeek, more or leſs, to recommend themſelves to God's Favour by their Works, yet *to him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that juſtifieth the Ungodly, his Faith is counted for Righteouſneſs*.—That the Blood of the Redeemer, applied to the Soul by his Spirit, is the one Thing needful.—That Prayer is the Taſk and Labour of a Phariſee; but the Privilege and Delight of a Chriſtian.—That God grants not the Requeſts of his People, becauſe they pray; but they pray, becauſe he deſigns to anſwer their Petitions.—That Self-Righteouſneſs, and legal Holineſs rather keep the Soul *from*, than draw it *to* Chriſt.—That they who ſeek Salvation by them

them, purſue Shadows; miſtake the great End of the Law, and err from the *Way*, the *Truth*, and the *Life*.—That God's Deſign is to glorify his Son alone, and to debaſe the Excellence of every Creature.—That no Righteouſneſs beſides the Righteouſneſs of Jeſus (that is, the Righteouſneſs of God) is of any Avail towards Acceptance.—That to be a moral Man, a zealous Man, a devout Man, is very ſhort of being a Chriſtian.——That the Eye of Faith looks more to the Blood of Jeſus, than to the Soul's Victory over Corruptions.——That the Dealings of God with his People, tho' ſimilar in the general, are nevertheleſs ſo various, that there is no chalking out the Paths of one Child o God by thoſe of another; no laying down regular Plans of Chriſtian Converſion, Chriſtian Experience, Chriſtian Uſefulneſs, or Chriſtian Converſation.—That the Will of God is the only Standard of Right and Good.—That the Sprinkling of the Blood of a crucified Saviour on the Conſcience, by the Holy Ghoſt, ſanctifies a Man: without which the moſt abſtemious Life and rigorous Diſcipline is unholy.—Laſtly, That Faith and Holineſs, with every other Bleſſing, are the Purchaſe of the Redeemer's Blood; and that he has a Right to beſtow them on whom he will, in ſuch a Manner, and in ſuch a Meaſure, as he thinks beſt; tho' the Spirit in all Men luſteth to Envy.

On the other Hand, I would obſerve; that it is not ſo eaſy to be a Chriſtian, as ſome Men ſeem to think.—That for a *living* Soul really to truſt in Chriſt alone, when he ſees nothing in himſelf but Evil and Sin, is an Act as ſupernatural, as for *Peter* to walk the Sea.——That

mere

mere Doctrine, tho' ever ſo ſound, will not alter the Heart; conſequently that to turn from one Set of Tenets to another, is not Chriſtian Converſion.—That as much as *Lazarus* coming out of his Grave, and feeling himſelf reſtored to Life, differed from thoſe who only ſaw the Miracle, or believed the Fact when told them; ſo great is the Difference between a Soul's real Coming out of himſelf, and Having the Righteouſneſs of Chriſt imputed to him by the precious Faith of God's Elect, and a Man's bare Believing the Doctrine of imputed Righteouſneſs becauſe he ſees it contained in Scripture, or aſſenting to the Truth of it when propoſed to his Underſtanding by Others.—That a whole-hearted Diſciple can have but little Communion with a broken-hearted Lord.—That *if any Man have not the Spirit of Chriſt, he is none of his.*—That a prayerleſs Spirit, is not the Spirit of Chriſt; but that Prayer to a Chriſtian, is as neceſſary and as natural as Food to a natural Man.—That the uſual Way of going to Heaven is through much Tribulation.—That the Sinner, which is drawn to Chriſt, is not he that has *learnt* that he is a Sinner by Head-Knowledge, but that feels himſelf ſuch by Heart-Contrition.—That he that believeth, hath an Unction from the Holy-One.—That a true Chriſtian is as vitally united to Chriſt, as my Hand or Foot to my Body; conſequently ſuffers and rejoices with him.——That a Believer talks and converſes with God.—That a dead Faith can no more cheriſh the Soul, than a dead Corpſe can perform the Functions of Life.——That where there is true Faith, there will be Obedience and the Fear of God.——

That

That he that lives by the Faith of the Son of God, eateth his Flesh, and drinketh his Blood. ——That *he that hath the Son, hath Life; and he that hath not the Son of God, hath not Life.*—That many imagine themselves great Believers, who have little or no true Faith at all: And many, who deem themselves void of Faith, cleave to Christ by the Faith of the Operation of God. ——That Faith, like Gold, must be tried in the Fire, before it can be safely depended on. ——Lastly, that Christians are sealed by the Holy Ghost to the Day of Redemption: And to this Seal they trust their eternal Welfare, not to naked Knowledge, or speculative Notions, tho' ever so deep. They dread to dream they are rich, when they are blind and poor; to have a Name to live, and yet be dead; or to be forced to fly for precarious Refuge to the conjectural Scheme of universal Salvation, with those who hope to be saved, because they *think* there will be none lost.

For my own Part, I confess myself a Sinner still; and tho' I am not much tempted to outward gross Acts of Iniquity, yet inward Corruptions and spiritual Wickedness continually harrass and perplex my Soul, and often make me cry out, "O wretched Man that I am; who shall deliver me from the Body of this Death!" From Me they are not yet removed; tho' I once hoped, with many Others, that I should soon get rid of them. All I can do is to look to Jesus through them all; cling fast to his wounded Side; long to be clothed with his Righteousness; pray him to plead my Cause against these spiritual Enemies that rise up against me; and, tho' I feel myself leprous from Head to Foot,

believe

believe that I am clean thro' the Word which he hath ſpoken unto me. In ſhort, I rejoice, not becauſe the Spirits are always ſubject to me (for, alas! I find they are often too ſtrong for me to controul) but becauſe my name is written in Heaven.

I am daily more and more convinced, that the Promiſes of God, to *his People*, are abſolute; and deſire to build my Hopes on the free electing Love of God in Chriſt Jeſus to my Soul, before the World began; which, I can experimentally and feelingly ſay, he hath delivered from *the loweſt Hell*. He hath plucked me as a Brand out of the Fire. Tho' my Ways were dreadfully dangerous to the laſt Degree, his Eye was all along upon me for Good. He hath excited me to love much, by forgiving me much. He hath ſhewed me, and ſtill daily ſhews me, the abominable Deceit, Luſt, Enmity, and Pride of my Heart, and the inconceivable Depths of his Mercy; how far I was fallen, and how much it coſt him of Sweat and Blood to bring me up. He hath proved himſelf ſtronger than I; and his Goodneſs ſuperior to all my Unworthineſs. He gives me to *know* and to *feel* too, that without him I can do nothing. He tells me, (and he enables me to believe it) that I am all fair, and there is no Spot in me. Though an Enemy, he calls me his Friend; tho' a Traitor, his Child; tho' a beggar'd Prodigal, he cloaths me with *the beſt* Robe, and has put a Ring of endleſs Love and Mercy on my Hand. And tho' I am often ſorely diſtreſt by ſpiritual internal Foes, afflicted, tormented, and bowed down almoſt to Death, with the Senſe of my own preſent Barrenneſs, Ingratitude,

and

and Proneneſs to Evil; he ſecretly ſhews me his bleeding Wounds; and ſoftly, but powerfully whiſpers to my Soul, "I am thy great "Salvation."

His free diſtinguiſhing Grace is the Bottom on which is fixt the Reſt of my poor weary tempted Soul. On this I ground my Hope, oftentimes when unſupported by any other Evidence, ſave only by the Spirit of Adoption received from him. He hath choſen me out from everlaſting, in whom to make known the inexhauſtible Riches of his free Grace and long Suffering. Tho' I am a Stranger to Others, and a Wonder to Myſelf; yet I know *Him*, or rather am known of him. Tho' poor in myſelf, I am rich enough in Him. When my dry, empty, barren Soul is parched with Thirſt, he kindly bids me come to him, and drink my Fill at the Fountain-head. In a Word, he empowers me to ſay, with experimental Evidence; *Where Sin abounded, Grace did much more abound.* Amen and Amen.

April, 1759. The

THE DEDICATION.

JESUS, JEHOVAH, Lord of Heav'n and Earth,
To whom I owe my *First*, and *Second* Birth;
Whose Hands first form'd me; and whose precious Blood
Redeem'd my Soul, and gives me Peace with God;
My faithful Friend, my Father reconcil'd,
Accept an Off'ring from thy feeble Child:
Whose helpless Hand this Token, mean and small,
Would fondly give to Thee, who giv'st him All.
Take both the Gift and Giver to thy Care:
May Both thy Bounty, and thy Love declare.
By Thee be Both directed to fulfil
The holy Counsels of thy HEAV'NLY WILL.

The Faſt Hymn.

1. THE mighty God that reigns on high,
Inhabiting Eternity;
Who makes the Heav'n of Heav'ns his [Throne,
The holy, high, and lofty One,

2. Before the Splendor of whoſe Rays
The brighteſt Angel veils his Face,
While all the Hoſt with one accord
Cry, Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!

3. This God (ſo humble is his Love)
Stoops to behold the Things above:
But lower ſtill that Love can go,
And ſtoop to viſit Worms below.

4. His royal State aſide he laid,
Came down to Earth, a Man was made,
To make poor Men the Sons of God,
And pay the Debt his Brethren ow'd.

5. With Sinners (Condeſcenſion great!)
With Sinners Jeſus deign'd to eat;
And tempted in the Deſart vaſt,
For Sinners he vouchſaf'd to faſt.

6. Hunger and Thirſt with willing Mind
He underwent, nor once repin'd;
Content beneath our Load to groan,
And make our Woes and Wants his own.

7. Now, Chriſtian, offer Pray'r and Praiſe;
Acknowledge Him in all thy Ways.
Nor Alms nor Faſtings diſeſteem;
For God accepts them all in Him.

8. Fear not; thy gracious God in Love
Thy Pray'rs will hear, thy Faſts approve.
For what good Thing can He deny,
Who gave his only Son to die?

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HYMNS,

HYMNS, &c.

HYMN I.

On the PASSION.

PART I.

1. COME, all ye choſen Saints of God,
That long to feel the cleanſing Blood,
In penſive Pleaſure join with Me,
To ſing of ſad *Gethſemane*.

2. *Gethſemane, the Olive-Preſs!*
(And why ſo call'd, let Chriſtians gueſs)
Fit Name! fit Place! where Vengeance ſtrove,
And grip'd and grappled hard with Love.

3. 'Twas here the Lord of Life appear'd,
And ſigh'd, and groan'd, and pray'd, and fear'd;
Bore all Incarnate God could bear,
With Strength enough—and none to ſpare.

4. The Pow'rs of Hell united preſs'd,
And ſqueez'd his Heart, and bruis'd his Breaſt.
What dreadful Conflicts rag'd within,
When Sweat and Blood forc'd thro' the Skin!

5. Diſpatch'd from Heav'n an Angel ſtood,
Amaz'd to find him bath'd in Blood;
Ador'd by Angels and obey'd;
But lower now than Angels made.

6. He

6. He ſtood to ſtrengthen, not to fight:
Juſtice exacts its utmoſt Mite.
This Victim Vengeance will purſue:
He undertook; and muſt go thro'.

7. Three favour'd Servants, left not far,
Were bid to wait and watch the War:
But, Chriſt withdrawn, what Watch we keep!
To ſhun the Sight, they ſunk in Sleep.

8. Backwards and forwards thrice he ran,
As if he ſought ſome Help from Man;
Or wiſh'd, at leaſt, they would condole
('Twas all they could) his tortur'd Soul.

9. Whate'er he ſought for, there was none;
Our Captain fought the Field alone:
'Soon as the Chief to Battle led,
That Moment ev'ry Soldier fled.

10. Myſterious Conflict! Dark Diſguiſe!
Hid from all Creatures peering Eyes.
Angels aſtoniſh'd view'd the Scene;
And wonder yet, what all could mean.

11. O *Mount of Olives*, ſacred Grove!
O Garden, Scene of tragic Love!
What bitter Herbs thy Beds produce!
How rank their Scent! how harſh their Juice!

12. Rare Virtues now theſe Herbs contain:
The Saviour ſuck'd out all their Bane.
My Mouth with theſe if Conſcience cram,
I'll eat them with the Paſchal Lamb.

13. O *Kedron*, gloomy Brook, how foul
Thy *black* polluted Waters roll!

No

No Tongue can tell (but ſome can taſte)
The Filth that into thee was caſt.

14. In *Eden*'s Garden there was Food
Of ev'ry kind for Man, while good;
But, baniſh'd thence, we fly to Thee,
O Garden of *Gethſemane*.

PART 2.

1. AND why, dear Saviour, tell me why,
Thou thus would'ſt ſuffer, bleed, and die?
What mighty Motive could thee move?
The Motive 's plain; 'twas all for Love.

2. For Love of whom? Of Sinners baſe,
A harden'd Herd, a Rebel-Race;
That mock'd and trampled on thy Blood,
And wanton'd with the Wounds of God.

3. When Rocks and Mountains rent with Dread,
And gaping Graves gave up their Dead.
When the fair Sun withdrew his Light,
And hid his Head, to ſhun the Sight.

4. Then ſtood the Wretch of human Race,
And rais'd his Head, and ſhew'd his Face,
Gaz'd unconcern'd, when Nature fail'd;
And ſcoff'd, and ſneer'd, and curs'd, and rail'd.

5. Harder than Rocks and Mountains are,
More dull than Dirt and Earth by far,
Man view'd unmov'd thy Blood's rich Stream,
Nor ever dream'd it flow'd for him.

6. Such was that Race of ſinful Men,
That gain'd that great Salvation then.

Such,

Such, and ſuch only, ſtill we ſee.
Such they were all: And ſuch are We.

7. The Jews with Thorns his Temples crown'd;
And laſh'd him, when his Hands were bound:
But Thorns, and knotted Whips, and Bands
By Us were furniſh'd to their Hands.

8. They nail'd him to th' accurſed Tree.
They did, my Brethren: So did We.
The Soldier pierc'd his Side. 'Tis true:
But We have pierc'd him thro' and thro'.

9. O Love of unexampled Kind!
That leaves all Thought ſo far behind:
Where Length, and Breadth, and Depth, and Height,
Are loſt to my aſtoniſh'd Sight.

10. For Love of Me the Son of God
Drain'd ev'ry Drop of vital Blood.
Long time I after Idols ran;
But now my God 's a martyr'd Man.

II.

Unſettledneſs.

1. LORD, what a Riddle is my Soul!
Alive when wounded, dead when whole.
Fondly I flee from Pain; yet Eaſe
Cannot content, nor Pleaſure pleaſe.

2. Thou hid'ſt thy Face; my Sins abound,
World, Fleſh, and Satan, all ſurround:

Fain would I find my God; but fear,
The Means, perhaps, may prove ſevere.

3. If thou the leaſt Diſpleaſure ſhew,
And bring my Vileneſs to my View;
Tim'rous and weak I ſhrink, and ſay,
"Lord, keep thy chaſt'ning Hand away."

4. If reconcil'd I ſee thy Face,
Thy matchleſs Mercy, boundleſs Grace;
Tortur'd with Bliſs I cry, "Remove
"That killing Sight; I die with Love."

5. My dear Redeemer, purge this Droſs.
Teach me to hug and love the Croſs.
Teach me thy Chaſt'ning to ſuſtain,
Diſcern the Love, and bear the Pain.

6. Nor ſpare to make me clearly ſee
The Sorrows thou haſt felt for Me.
If Death muſt follow, I comply:
Let me be ſick with Love, and die.

III.

The doubting Chriſtian.

1. IF Unbelief 's that Sin accurſt,
Abhorr'd by God above,
Becauſe, of all Oppoſers worſt,
It fights againſt his Love;

2. How ſhall a Heart, that doubts like mine,
Diſmay'd at ev'ry Breath,
Pretend to live the Life divine;
Or fight the Fight of Faith?

3. Con-

3. Conſcience accuſes from within,
And Others from without;
I feel my Soul the Sink of Sin;
And this produces Doubt.

4. When thouſand Sins of various Dyes,
Corruptions dark and foul,
Daily within my Boſom riſe,
And blacken all my Soul;

5. I groan, and grieve, and cry, and call
On Jeſus for Relief;
But that delay'd, to Doubting fall,
Of all my Sins the chief.

6. Such dire Diſorders vex my Soul,
That Ill engenders Ill:
And when my Heart I feel ſo foul,
I make it fouler ſtill.

7. In this Diſtreſs, the Courſe I take
Is, ſtill to call and pray;
And wait the Time, when Chriſt ſhall ſpeak,
And drive my Foes away.

8. For that bleſt Hour I ſigh, and pant,
With Wiſhes warm and ſtrong:
But, deareſt Lord, leſt theſe ſhould faint,
Oh! do not tarry long.

IV.

To the Holy Ghoſt.

1. COME, Holy Spirit, come;
Let thy bright Beams ariſe,
Diſpel the Darkneſs from our Minds;
And open all our Eyes.

2. Chear

2. Chear our desponding Hearts,
Thou heav'nly Paraclete;
Give us to lie, with humble Hope,
At our Redeemer's Feet.

3. Revive our drooping Faith;
Our Doubts and Fears remove;
And kindle in our Breasts the Flames
Of never-dying Love.

4. Convince us of our Sin;
Then lead to Jesu's Blood:
And to our wond'ring View reveal
The secret Love of God.

5. Shew us that loving Man,
That rules the Courts of Bliss,
The Lord of Hosts, the mighty God,
Th' eternal Prince of Peace.

6. 'Tis thine to cleanse the Heart,
To sanctify the Soul,
To pour fresh Life on ev'ry Part,
And new create the Whole.

7. If thou, celestial Dove,
Thine Influence withdraw,
What easy Victims soon we fall
To Conscience, Wrath, and Law!

8. No longer burns our Love;
Our Faith and Patience fail;
Our Sin revives; and Death and Hell
Our feeble Souls assail.

9. Dwell therefore in our Hearts;
Our Minds from Bondage free.
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee.

V.

Another.

1. BLEST Spir't of Truth, eternal God,
Thou meek and lowly Dove,
Who fill'ſt the Soul, thro' Jeſu's Blood,
With Faith, and Hope, and Love;

2. Who comforteſt the heavy Heart
By Sin and Sorrow preſt;
Who to the Dead can'ſt Life impart,
And to the Weary, Reſt.

3. Thy ſweet Communion charms the Soul:
And gives true Peace and Joy,
Which Satan's Pow'r cannot controul,
Nor all his Wiles deſtroy.

4. Come from the bliſsful Realms above;
Our longing Breaſts inſpire
With thy ſoft Flames of heav'nly Love;
And fan the ſacred Fire.

5. Let no falſe Comfort lift us up
To Confidence that 's vain:
Nor let their Faith and Courage droop,
For whom the Lamb was ſlain.

6. Breathe Comfort, where Diſtreſs abounds,
Make the whole Conſcience clean.
And heal, with Balm from Jeſu's Wounds,
The feſt'ring Sores of Sin.

7. Vanquiſh our Luſts; our Pride remove;
Take out the Heart of Stone.
Shew us the Father's boundleſs Love,
And Merits of the Son.

8. The

8. The Father ſent the Son to die;
The willing Son obey'd;
The Witneſs thou, to ratify
The Purchaſe Chriſt has made.

VI.

Another.

1. DEſcend from Heav'n, celeſtial Dove;
With Flames of pure Seraphic Love
Our raviſh'd Breaſts inſpire.
Fountain of Joy, bleſt Paraclete,
Warm our cold Hearts with heav'nly Heat,
And ſet our Souls on Fire.

2. Breathe on theſe Bones ſo dry and dead.
Thy ſweeteſt ſofteſt Influence ſhed
In all our Hearts abroad.
Point out the Place, where Grace abounds:
Direct us to the bleeding Wounds
Of our Incarnate God.

3. Conduct, bleſt Guide, thy Sinner-Train
To *Calv'ry*, where the Lamb was ſlain;
And with us there abide.
Let us our lov'd Redeemer meet,
Weep o'er his pierced Hands and Feet,
And view his wounded Side.

4. From which pure Fountain if thou draw
Water to quench the fiery Law,
And Blood to purge our Sin,
We'll tell the Father, in that Day,
(And thou ſhalt witneſs what we ſay)
"We 're clean, juſt God, we 're clean."

5. Teach us for what to pray; and how:
And ſince, kind God, 'tis only Thou
The Throne of Grace can move,
Pray thou for Us; that we thro' Faith
May feel th' Effects of Jeſu's Death,
Thro' Faith that works by Love.

6. Thou with the Father and the Son
Art that myſterious Three-in-One,
God bleſt for evermore:
Whom tho' we cannot comprehend,
Feeling thou art the Sinner's Friend,
We love thee, and adore.

VII.

Chriſt very God and Man.

1. A Man there is, a real Man,
With Wounds ſtill gaping wide,
(From which, rich Streams of Blood once ran)
In Hands, and Feet, and Side.

2. ('Tis no wild Fancy of our Brains,
No Metaphor we ſpeak:
The ſame dear Man in Heav'n now reigns,
That ſuffer'd for our Sake.)

3. This wond'rous Man, of whom we tell,
Is true Almighty God.
He bought our Souls from Death and Hell;
The Price his own Heart's Blood.

4. That human Heart he ſtill retains,
Tho' thron'd in higheſt Bliſs;
And feels each tempted Member's Pains:
For our Affliction 's his.

5. Come

5. Come then, repenting Sinner, come;
Approach with humble Faith:
Owe what thou wilt, the total Sum
Is cancell'd by his Death.

6. His Blood can cleanſe the blackeſt Soul;
And waſh our Guilt away.
He ſhall preſent us ſound and whole
In that tremendous Day.

VIII.

Salvation by Chriſt alone.

1. HOW can ye hope, deluded Souls,
To ſee, what none e'er ſaw,
Salvation by the Works obtain'd
Of *Sinai*'s fiery Law?

2. There ye may toil, and weep, and faſt;
And vex your Heart with Pain;
And when ye 've ended, find at laſt
That all your Toil was vain.

3. That Law but makes your Guilt abound.
Sad Help! and (what is worſt)
All Souls, that under *that* are found,
By God himſelf are curſt.

4. This Curſe pertains to thoſe who break
One Precept e'er ſo ſmall.
And where 's the Man, in Thought or Deed,
That has not broken all?

5. Fly then, awaken'd Sinners, fly;
Your Caſe admits no Stay;
The Fountain 's open'd now for Sin.
Come, waſh your Guilt away.

6. See how from Jeſu's wounded Side
The Water flows, and Blood!
If you but touch that purple Tide,
You make your Peace with God.

7. Only by Faith in Jeſu's Wounds
The Sinner gets Releaſe:
No other Sacrifice for Sin
Will God accept but this.

IX.

Of Sanctification.

1. THE Holy Ghoſt in Scripture ſaith,
Expreſsly in one Part,
(Speaking by *Peter*'s Mouth) * "By Fai
"God purifies the Heart."

2. Now what in holy Writ he ſays,
In Part, or thro' the Whole,
The ſelf-ſame Truths, by various Ways,
He teaches in the Soul.

3. Experience likewiſe tells us this;
Before the Saviour's Blood
Has waſh'd us clean, and made our Peace
We can do nothing good.

4. But here, my Friends, the Danger lies;
Errors of diff'rent Kind
Will ſtill creep in; which Dev'ls deviſe
To cheat the human Mind.

5. "

* Acts. xv. 9.

5. " I want no Work within, (ſays one)
" 'Tis all in Chriſt the Head."
Thus careleſs he goes blindly on,
And truſts a Faith that 's dead.

6. " 'Tis dangerous (another cries)
" To truſt to Faith alone:
" Chriſt's Righteouſneſs will not ſuffice,
" Except I add my own."

7. Thus he, that he may ſomething do
To ſhun th' impending Curſe,
Upon the old will patch the new,
And makes the Rent ſtill worſe.

8. Others affirm the Spir't of God,
To true Believers giv'n,
Makes all their Thoughts and Acts ſo good,
They 're always fit for Heav'n.

9. The Babe of Chriſt, at hearing this,
Is fill'd with anxious Fear;
Conſcience condemns, Corruptions riſe,
And drive him near Deſpair.

10. Theſe Trials Weaklings ſuffer here,
Cenſure and Scorn without;
And from within (what's worſe to bear)
Deſpondency and Doubt.

11. But gracious Lord, who once didſt feel
What Weakneſs is, and Fears;
Who got'ſt thy Vict'ry over Hell
With Groans, and Cries, and Tears;

12. Do thou direct our feeble Hearts
To truſt thee for the *Whole*.
The Work of Grace in all it's Parts,
Accompliſh in the Soul.

13. Thy

13. Thy Holy Spir't into us breathe,
A perfect Saviour prove.
Lord, give us Faith; and let that Faith
Work all thy Will by Love.

X.

The enlightened Sinner.

1. MY God, when I reflect,
How all my Life-time paſt
I ran the Roads of Sin and Death
With raſh impetuous Haſte;

2. My Fooliſhneſs I hate,
My Filthineſs I loath;
And view, with ſharp Remorſe and Shame,
My Filth and Folly both.

3. With Some the Tempter takes
Much Pains to make them mad;
But Me he found, and always held,
The eaſieſt Fool he had.

4. His deep and dang'rous Lies
So groſsly I believ'd,
He was not readier to deceive,
Than I to be deceiv'd.

5. His light and airy Dreams
I took for ſolid Good;
And thought his baſe adult'rate Coin
The Riches of thy Blood.

6. And doſt thou ſtill regard,
And caſt a gracious Eye
On one ſo foul, ſo baſe, ſo blind,
So dead, ſo loſt, as I?

7. Then

7. Then Sinners black as Hell
May hence for Hope have Ground:
For who of Mercy needs deſpair,
Since I have Mercy found?

XI.

Jeſus our All.

1. JESUS is the chiefeſt Good;
He has ſav'd us by his Blood.
Let us value nought but Him;
Nothing elſe deſerves Eſteem.

2. Jeſus, when ſtern Juſtice ſaid,
"Man his Life has forfeited,
"Vengeance follows by Decree,"
Cried, "Inflict it all on Me."

3. Jeſus gives us Life and Peace,
Faith, and Love, and Holineſs;
Ev'ry Bleſſing, great or ſmall,
Jeſus for us purchas'd all.

4. Jeſus therefore let us own.
Jeſus we 'll exalt alone.
Jeſus has our Sins forgiv'n.
Jeſu's Blood has bought us Heav'n.

XII.

Chriſt's Nativity.

COME, ye Redeemed of the Lord,
Your grateful Tribute bring;
And celebrate with one accord
The Birth-day of our King.

2. Let

2. Let us with humble Hearts repair
(Faith will point out the Road)
To little *Bethlehem*; and there
Adore our Infant-God.

3. In ſwaddling Bands the Saviour view!
Let none this Weakneſs ſcorn.
The feebleſt Heart ſhall Hell ſubdue,
Where Jeſus Chriſt is born.

4. No Pomp adorns, no Sweets perfume
The Place where Chriſt is laid.
A Stable ſerves him for his Room;
A Manger is his Bed.

5. The crouded Inn, like Sinners Hearts,
(O Ignorance extreme!)
For other Gueſts of various Sorts
Had Room; but none for Him.

6. But ſee what diff'rent Thoughts ariſe
In ours and Angels Breaſts;
To hail his Birth *They* left the Skies;
We lodg'd him with the Beaſts.

7. Yet let Believers ceaſe their Fears,
Nor envy heav'nly Pow'rs:
If ſinleſs Innocence be *theirs*,
Redemption all is *ours*.

XIII.

Another.

1. HOW bleſt is the Seaſon,
At which we appear!
Bow down, Senſe and Reaſon;
Faith only reign here.

'Tis heard by mere Nature
With Coldneſs or Scorn,
That God our Creator
An Infant was born.

Loſt Souls to recover
And form them afreſh,
Our wonderful Lover
Took Fleſh of our Fleſh:
Then let each dull Dreamer
Awake to this Morn,
And hail the Redeemer
At *Bethlehem* born.

Ye Drunkards, ye Swearers,
Ye Muckworms of Earth,
Repent, and be Sharers
In this bleſſed Birth.
From Sin to releaſe us,
That Yoke ſo long worn,
The holy Child Jeſus
Of *Mary* was born.

Oppoſers, Tranſgreſſors,
Of ev'ry Degree,
And formal Profeſſors,
The worſt of the Three,
With Tears of Contrition
Your Fooliſhneſs mourn;
To give you Remiſſion
Immanuel's born.

Ye vileſt of Creatures
Backſliders ſo baſe,
Bold Rebels, and Traitors,
Abuſers of Grace,

Come

Come ceaſe your Backſlidings,
And once more return:
Receive the glad Tidings,
A Saviour is born.

6. Poor Sinners dejected,
Of Comfort debarr'd,
Whoſe Hearts are afflicted
Becauſe they 're ſo hard,
Deſpairing of Favour,
Cold, lifeleſs, forlorn!
Remember, the Saviour
In *Winter* was born.

7. And ye that ſincerely
Confide in the Lamb,
(He loves you moſt dearly)
Rejoice in his Name.
No more the Believer
From God ſhall be torn;
To hold him for ever
An Infant is born.

XIV.

Another.

1. LET us all with grateful Praiſes
Celebrate the happy Day,
When the lovely loving Jeſus
Firſt partook of human Clay:
When the heav'nly Hoſt aſſembled
Gaz'd with Wonder from the Sky:
Angels joy'd, and Devils trembled,
Neither fully knowing why.

2. Long

2. Long had Satan reign'd imperious,
'Till the Woman's promis'd Seed,
Born a Babe, by Birth myſterious,
Came to bruiſe the Serpent's Head.
Cruſh, dear Babe, his Pow'r within us.
Break our Chains, and ſet us free.
Pull down all the Bars between us,
'Till we fly, and cleave to Thee.

3. Shepherds on their Flocks attending,
Shepherds that in Night-time watch'd,
Saw the Meſſenger deſcending,
From the Court of Heav'n diſpatch'd.
Beams of Glory deck'd his Miſſion,
Burſting thro' the Veil of Night.
Fear poſſeſs'd them at the Viſion:
Sinners tremble at the Light.

4. Dove-like Meekneſs grac'd his Viſage;
Joy and Love ſhone round his Head.
Soon he chear'd them with his Meſſage:
Comfort flow'd from all he ſaid.
" Fear not, Fav'rites of th' Almighty,
" Joyful News to you I bring.
" You have now, in *David's* City,
" Born, a Saviour, Chriſt the King.

5. " Go and find the Royal Stranger
" By theſe Signs. A Babe you'll ſee,
" Weak, and lying in a Manger,
" Wrapt and ſwaddled; that is He."
Strait a Hoſt of Angels glorious
Round the heav'nly Herald throng,
Utt'ring, in harmonious Chorus,
Airs divine; and this the Song.

6. " Glory firſt to God be given
" In the higheſt Heights; and then

" Peace on Earth, proclaim'd by Heaven,
" Peace, and great good Will to Men."
Thus they ſang with Rapture kindling
In the Shepherds Hearts a Flame,
Joy and Wonder ſweetly mingling:
All Believers feel the ſame.

7. Lo, ſweet Babe, we fall before thee,
Jeſus, thee we all adore.
To thee, Kingdom, Pow'r, and Glory,
We aſcribe for evermore.
Glory to our God be given
In the higheſt Heights; and then
Peace on Earth brought down from Heaven,
Peace, and great good Will to Men.

XV.

Tribulation.

1. THE Souls that would to Jeſus preſs,
Muſt fix this firm and ſure;
That Tribulation, more or leſs,
They muſt and ſhall endure.

2. From this there can be none exempt;
'Tis God's own wiſe Decree.
Satan the weakeſt Saint will tempt;
Nor is the ſtrongeſt free.

3. The World oppoſes from without;
And Unbelief within.
We fear, we faint, we grieve, we doubt;
And feel the Load of Sin.

4. Glad Frames too often lift us up;
And then how proud we grow!

'Til

'Till ſad Deſertion makes us droop;
And down we ſink as low.

5. Ten thouſand Baits the Foe prepares
To catch the wand'ring Heart;
Aud ſeldom do we ſee the Snares,
Before we feel the Smart.

6. But let not all this terrify.
Purſue the narrow Path;
Look to the Lord with ſtedfaſt Eye;
And fight with Hell by Faith.

7. Tho' we are feeble; Chriſt is ſtrong.
His Promiſes are true.
We ſhall be Conqu'rors all, e'er long;
And more than Conqu'rors too.

XVI.

New-Year's Day.

1. ONCE more the conſtant Sun,
Revolving round his Sphere,
His ſteady Courſe has run;
And brings another Year.
He riſes, ſets,
But goes not back;
Nor ever quits
His deſtin'd Track.

2. Hence let Believers learn
To keep a forward Pace.
Be this our main Concern,
To finiſh well our Race.
Backſlidings ſhun;
With Patience preſs

Towards the Sun
Of Righteouſneſs.

3. What now ſhall be our Taſk?
Or rather, what our Pray'r?
What good Thing ſhall we aſk,
To proſper this new Year?
With one accord
Our Hearts we 'll lift;
And aſk our Lord
Some New-Year's Gift.

4. No trifling Gift or ſmall
Should Friends of Chriſt deſire.
Rich Lord, beſtow on all
Pure Gold, well tried by Fire;
Faith that ſtands faſt,
When Devils roar;
And Love that laſts
For evermore.

XVII.

Chriſt the Believer's All.

1. LAMB of God, we fall before thee,
Humbly truſting in thy Croſs.
That alone be all our Glory;
All Things elſe are Dung and Droſs.
Thee we own a perfect Saviour;
Only Source of all that's good.
Ev'ry Grace and ev'ry Favour
Come to Us thro' Jeſu's Blood.

2. Jeſus gives us true Repentance
By his Spirit ſent from Heav'n.

Jeſus

Jeſus whiſpers this ſweet Sentence,
" Son, thy Sins are all forgiv'n."
Faith he gives us to believe it:
Grateful Hearts his Love to prize.
Want we Wiſdom? He muſt give it;
Hearing Ears, and ſeeing Eyes.

3. Jeſus gives us pure Affections;
Wills to do what he requires;
Makes us follow his Directions;
And what he commands, inſpires.
All our Pray'rs, and all our Praiſes
Rightly offer'd in his Name,
He that dictates them, is Jeſus;
He that anſwers, is the ſame.

4. When we live on Jeſu's Merit,
Then we worſhip God aright:
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Then we ſavingly unite.
Hear the whole Concluſion of it.
Great or good, whate'er we call,
God, or King, or Prieſt, or Prophet,
Jeſus Chriſt is All in All.

XVIII.

Lord, if thou wilt, thou canſt make me clean.
Matt. viii. 2.

O H! the Pangs by Chriſtians felt,
When their Eyes are open;
When they ſee the Gulphs of Guilt
They muſt wade and grope in;
When the Hell appears within
Cauſing bitter Anguiſh;

And the loathſome Stench of Sin
Makes the Spirits languiſh.

2. Now the Heart diſclos'd betrays
All it's hid Diſorders;
Enmity to God's right Ways,
Blaſphemies and Murders,
Malice, Envy, Luſt, and Pride,
Thoughts obſcene and filthy;
Sores corrupt and putrified;
No Part ſound or healthy.

3. All Things to promote our Fall
Shew a mighty Fitneſs.
Satan will accuſe withal;
And the Conſcience witneſs.
Foes within, and Foes without,
Wrath, and Law, and Terrors,
Raſh Preſumption, timid Doubt,
Coldneſs, Deadneſs, Errors!

4. Brethren, in a State ſo ſad,
When Temptations ſeize us,
When our Hearts we feel thus bad,
Let us look to Jeſus.
He that hung upon the Croſs
For his People bleeding,
Now in Heaven ſits for Us
Always interceeding.

5. Vengeance, when the Saviour died,
Quitted the Believer.
Juſtice cried, "I'm ſatisfied
"Now henceforth for ever."
It is finiſh'd, ſaid the Lord,
In his dying Minute:

Holy Ghoſt, repeat that Word;
Full Salvation 's in it.

6. Leprous Soul, preſs thro' the Croud,
In thy foul Condition;
Struggle hard, and call aloud
On the great Phyſician.
Wait till thy Diſeaſe he cleanſe,
Begging, truſting, cleaving;
When, and *where*, and *by what Means*,
To his Wiſdom leaving.

XIX.

Hitherto hath the Lord helped us. 1 Sam. vii. 12.

1. THO' ſtrait be the Way,
With Dangers beſet;
And we thro' Delay
Are no farther yet;
Our good Guide and Saviour
Hath helped thus far:
And 'tis by his Favour
We are what we are.

2. A Favour ſo great
We highly ſhould prize;
Not murmur, nor fret,
Nor ſmall Things deſpiſe.
But what call we ſmall Things?
Sin's whole cancell'd Sum?
'Tis greater than all Things—
Except thoſe to come.

3. My Brethren, reflect
On what we have been;

How

How God had Respect
To Us under Sin.
When lower and lower
We ev'ry Day fell,
He stretch'd forth his Power,
And snatch'd us from Hell.

4. Then let us rejoice,
And chearfully sing,
With Heart and with Voice,
To Jesus our King;
Who thus far has brought us
From Evil to Good;
The Ransom that bought us
No less than his Blood.

5. For Blessings like these
So bounteously giv'n,
For Prospects of Peace,
And Fore-tastes of Heav'n,
'Tis grateful, 'tis pleasant
To sing and adore;
Be thankful for present,
And then ask for more.

XX.

Blessed is the Man that endureth Temptation.
James i. 12.

1. AND must it, Lord, be so?
And must thy Children bear
Such various Kinds of Woe,
Such Soul-perplexing Fear?
Are these the Blessings we expect?
Is this the Lot of God's Elect?

2. Daily

2. Daily we groan and mourn
Beneath the Weight of Sin.
We pray to be new-born,
But know not what we mean;
We think it ſomething very great,
Something that's undiſcover'd yet.

3. Boaſt not, ye Sons of Earth,
Nor look with ſcornful Eyes:
Above your higheſt Mirth
Our ſaddeſt Hours we prize.
For tho' our Cup ſeems fill'd with Gall,
There 's ſomething ſecret ſweetens all.

4. How harſh ſoe'er the Way,
Dear Saviour, ſtill lead on;
Nor leave us, 'till we ſay,
"Father, thy Will be done."
At moſt we do but taſte the Cup;
For thou alone haſt drunk it up.

5. Shall guilty Man complain?
Shall ſinful Duſt repine?
And what is all our Pain,
How light, compar'd with thine?
Finiſh, dear Lord, what is begun.
Chuſe Thou the Way; but ſtill lead on.

XXI.

The Wonders of redeeming Love.

1. HOW wond'rous are the Works of God,
Diſplay'd thro' all the World abroad!
Immenſely great! Immenſely ſmall!
Yet one ſtrange Work exceeds them all.

2. He

2. He form'd the Sun, fair Fount of Light;
The Moon and Stars to rule the Night:
But Night, and Stars, and Moon, and Sun,
Are little Works compar'd with one.

3. He roll'd the Seas, and ſpread the Skies;
Made Vallies ſink, and Mountains riſe;
The Meadows cloath'd with native Green;
And bid the Rivers glide between.

4. But what are Seas, or Skies, or Hills,
Or verdant Vales, or gliding Rills,
To Wonders Man was born to prove?
The Wonders of redeeming Love!

5. 'Tis far beyond what Words expreſs,
What Saints can feel, or Angels gueſs:
Angels, that hymn the great I AM,
Fall down and veil before the Lamb.

6. The higheſt Heav'ns are ſhort of this.
'Tis deeper than the vaſt Abyſs.
'Tis more than Thought can e'er conceive,
Or Hope expect, or Faith believe.

7. Almighty God ſigh'd human Breath.
The Lord of Life experienc'd Death.
How it was done, we can't diſcuſs;
But this we know; 'twas done for Us.

8. Bleſt with this Faith then let us raiſe
Our Hearts in Love, our Voice in Praiſe.
All Things to Us muſt work for Good,
For whom the Lord hath ſhed his Blood.

9. Trials may preſs of ev'ry Sort;
They may be ſore; they muſt be ſhort.

We

We now *believe*, but soon shall *view*,
The greatest Glories God can shew.

XXII.

Whom resist, stedfast in the Faith. 1 Pet. v. 9.

1. IN all our worst Afflictions,
When furious Foes surround us;
When Troubles vex,
And Fears perplex,
And Satan would confound us;
When Foes to God and Goodness
We find ourselves by feeling,
To do what's right,
Unable quite,
And almost as unwilling;

2. When, like the restless Ocean,
Our Hearts cast up Uncleanness,
Flood after Flood,
With Mire and Mud;
And all is foul within us;
When Love is cold and languid,
And diff'rent Passions shake us;
When Hope decays;
And God delays,
And seems to quite forsake us;

3. Then to maintain the Battle
With Soldier-like Behaviour,
To keep the Field,
And never yield,
But firmly eye the Saviour;
To trust his gracious Promise,

Thus

Thus hard beſet with Evil;
This, this is Faith
Will conquer Death,
And overcome the Devil.

XXIII.

Cleaving to Chriſt.

1. BRrethren, let us praiſe our Lord;
Exalt his bleſſed Name:
Let us hear, and keep, his Word;
His Glory be our Aim.
Let us reſolutely ſtrive
To work God's Work with full Intent.
And what is it? To believe
On him whom he hath ſent.

2. Faith implanted from above,
Will prove a fertile Root;
Whence will ſpring a Tree of Love
Producing precious Fruit.
Tho' bleak Winds the Boughs deface,
The rooted Stock ſhall ſtill remain:
Leaves may languiſh, Fruit decreaſe;
But more ſhall grow again.

3. Happy Souls! who cleave to Chriſt,
By pure and living Faith,
Finding him their King and Prieſt,
Their God and Guide till Death.
God's own Foe may plague his Sons;
Sin may diſtreſs, but not ſubdue.
Chriſt, who conquer'd *for* us once,
Will *in* us conquer too.

XXIV.

A Dialogue between a Believer and his Soul.

Bel. COME, my Soul, and let us try,
For a little Season,
Ev'ry Burden to lay by:
Come, and let us reason.
What is this that casts thee down?
Who are those that grieve thee?
Speak, and let the worst be known;
Speaking may relieve thee.

Soul. *Oh! I sink beneath the Load*
Of my Nature's Evil;
Full of Enmity to God;
Captiv'd by the Devil:
Restless as the troubled Seas;
Feeble, faint, and fearful;
Plagu'd with ev'ry sore Disease;
How can I be chearful?

Bel. Think on what thy Saviour bore
In the gloomy Garden,
Sweating Blood at ev'ry Pore,
To procure thy Pardon.
See him stretch'd upon the Wood,
Bleeding, grieving, crying;
Suff'ring all the Wrath of God;
Groaning, gasping, dying!

Soul. *This by Faith I sometimes view;*
And those Views relieve me:
But my Sins return anew;
These are they that grieve me.

Oh! I'm leprous, ſtinking, foul,
Quite throughout infected.
Have not I, if any Soul,
Cauſe to be dejected?

5. *Bel.* Think how loud thy dying Lord
Cry'd out, "*It is finiſh'd.*"
Treaſure up that ſacred Word
Whole and undiminiſh'd.
Doubt not; he will carry on,
To its full Perfection,
That good Work he has begun.
Why then this Dejection?

6. Soul. *Faith, when void of Works, is dead:*
This the Scriptures witneſs.
And what Works have I to plead,
Who am all Unfitneſs?
All my Powers are depra'v'd,
Blind, perverſe, and filthy.
If from Death I'm fully ſav'd,
Why am I not healthy?

7. *Bel.* Pore not on thyſelf too long,
Leſt it ſink thee lower.
Look to Jeſus kind as ſtrong,
Mercy join'd with Power.
Ev'ry Work that thou muſt do
Will thy gracious Saviour
For thee work, and *in* thee too,
Of his ſpecial Favour.

8. Soul. *Jeſu's precious Blood, once ſpilt,*
I depend on ſolely,
To releaſe and clear my Guilt:
But I would be holy.

Bel. He that bought thee on the Croſs
Can controul thy Nature,
Fully purge away thy Droſs,
Make thee a new Creature.

9. Soul. *That he can I nothing doubt,*
Be it but his Pleaſure.
Bel. Tho' it be not done throughout,
May it not in Meaſure?
Soul. *When that Meaſure, far from great,*
Still ſhall ſeem decreaſing——
Bel. Faint not then; but pray, and wait,
Never never ceaſing.

10. Soul. *What when Pray'r meets no Regard?*
Bel. Still repeat it often.
Soul. *But I feel myſelf ſo hard—*
Bel. Jeſus will thee ſoften.
Soul. *But my Enemies make Head.*
Bel. Let them cloſer drive thee.
Soul. *But I'm cold, I'm dark, I'm dead.*
Bel. Jeſus will revive thee.

XXV.

Chriſt the Believer's Surety.

1. WHAT ſlaviſh Fears moleſt my Mind,
And vex my ſickly Soul?
How is it, Lord, that thou art kind;
And yet I am not whole?

2. Ah! why ſhould Unbelief and Pride,
With all their helliſh Train,
Still in my ranſom'd Soul abide,
And give me all this Pain?

3. Thy Word is paſt; thy Promiſe made:
With Pow'r it came from Heav'n.
" Chear up, deſponding Soul (it ſaid)
" Thy Sins are all forgiv'n.

4. " Behold I make thy Cauſe my own:
" I bought thee with my Blood.
" Thy *wicked* Works on me be thrown;
" And I will work thy *good*.

5. " I am thy God, thy Guide 'till Death,
" Thy everlaſting Friend:
" On Me for Love, for Works, for Faith,
" On Me for all depend."

6. Thy Blood, dear Lord, has bought my Peace,
And paid the heavy Debt;
Has giv'n a fair and full Releaſe;
But I'm in Priſon yet.

7. Unjuſtly now theſe Foes of mine
Their dev'liſh Hate purſue:
They made my Surety pay the Fine;
Yet plague the Pris'ner too.

8. What Right can my Tormentors plead,
That I ſhould not be free?
Here's an amazing Change indeed!
Juſtice is now for *me*.

9. Lord, break theſe Bars that thus confine,
Theſe Chains that gall me ſo.
Say to that ugly Jailer, Sin,
" *Looſe him, and let him go.*"

XXVI.

The narrow Way.

PART I.

1. WIDE is the Gate of Death;
The Way is large and broad:
And many enter in thereat,
And walk that beaten Road.

2. Becauſe the Gate of Life
Is narrow, low, and ſmall;
The Path ſo preſt, ſo cloſe, ſo ſtrait,
There ſeems no Path at all.

3. This Way, that's found by few,
Ten thouſand Snares beſet,
To turn the Seeker's Steps aſide,
And trap the Trav'ler's Feet.

4. Before we've journey'd far,
Two dang'rous Gulphs are fixt,
Dead Sloth, and Phariſaic Pride,
Scarce a Hair's Breadth betwixt.

5. Falſe Lights delude the Eyes,
And lead the Steps aſtray:
That Trav'ler treads the ſureſt here,
That ſeldom ſees his Way.

6. Guides cry, Lo here! lo there!
On this, on that Side keep.
Some over-drive; ſome frighten back;
And others lull to ſleep.

7. On the left Hand, and right,
Cloſe cragged Rocks are ſeen,

Diſtruſt, and ſelf-wrought Confidence:
'Tis hard to ſqueeze between.

8. Sometimes we ſeem to gain
Great Lengths of Ground by Day;
But find, alas! when Night comes on,
We quite miſtook the Way.

9. Sometimes we have no Strength;
Sometimes we want the Will;
And ſometimes, leſt we might go wrong,
We chuſe to ſtand quite ſtill..

10. Again, thro' heedleſs Haſte,
We catch ſome dang'rous Fall.
Then fearing we may move too faſt,
We hardly move at all.

11. Deep Quagmires choak the Way,
Corruptions foul and thick!
Whoſe Stench infects the Air, and mak
The ſtrongeſt Trav'ler ſick.

12. Thro' theſe we long muſt wade;
And oft ſtick faſt in Mire.
Now Heat conſumes; now Froſt benu
As dang'rous as the Fire.

13. Spectres of various Forms
Allure, enchant, affright.
Preſumption tempts us ev'ry Day;
Deſpair aſſaults by Night.

14. Companions if we find,
Alas! how ſoon they 're gone!
For 'tis decreed that moſt muſt paſs
The darkeſt Paths alone.

15.

15. Diſtreſt on ev'ry Side
With Evils felt or fear'd,
We pray, we cry; but cannot find
That Pray'rs or Cries are heard.

16. Thickets of Bri'rs and Thorns
Our feeble Feet encloſe;
And ev'ry Step we take betrays
New Dangers, and new Foes.

17. When all theſe Foes are quell'd,
And ev'ry Danger paſt;
That ghaſtly Phantom Death remains,
To combat with at laſt.

PART 2.

1. IF this be, Lord, thy Way;
Then who can hope to gain
That Prize ſuch Numbers never ſeek,
Such Numbers ſeek in vain?

2. 'Tis thine Almighty Grace,
That can ſuffice alone.
Thou giv'ſt us Strength to run the Race,
And then beſtow'ſt the Crown.

3. Chear up, ye trav'ling Souls;
On Jeſu's Aid rely:
He ſees us when we ſee not him;
And always hears our Cry.

4. Without Ceſſation pray.
Your Pray'rs will not prove vain:
Our *Joſeph* turns aſide to weep,
But cannot long refrain.

5. Sud-

Sudden he ſtands confeſt:
We look, and all is light;
The Foe, confounded, ſwift as Thought
Sneaks off, and ſkulks from Sight.

6. His Preſence clears the ſoul,
And ſmooths the rugged Way.
He often makes the crooked ſtraight;
And turns the Night to Day.

7. We then move chearful on.
The Ground feels firm and good.
And leſt we ſhould miſtake the Way,
He lines it out with Blood.

8. Again we cannot ſee
His helping Hand; but feel:
And tho' we neither feel nor ſee,
His Hand ſuſtains us ſtill.

9. He gently leads us on;
Protects from fatal Harms;
And when we faint, and cannot walk,
He bears us in his Arms.

10. He guides and moves our Steps:
For tho' *we* ſeem to move,
His Spirit all the Motion gives
By Springs of Fear and Love.

11. The Meek with Love he draws;
Reſtrains the Raſh by Fear;
Searches and finds the Wand'ring out,
And brings the Diſtant near.

12. When for a Time we ſtop,
Perplext and at a Loſs,
He like a Beacon on a Hill
Erects his bloody Croſs.

13. For-

13. Forward again we preſs;
And while that Mark 's in View,
Tho' Hoſts of Foes beſet the Way,
We boldly venture thro'.

14. When all theſe Foes are quell'd,
And ev'ry Danger paſt;
Tho' Death remains, he but remains
To be ſubdu'd the laſt.

XXVII.

The Author's own Confeſſion.

1. COME hither, ye that fear the Lord,
Diſciples of God's ſuff'ring Son;
Let me relate, and you record,
What he for my poor Soul has done.

2. The Way of Truth I quickly miſs'd;
And further ſtray'd, and further ſtill:
Expected to be ſav'd by Chriſt;
But to be holy had no Will.

3. The Road of Death with raſh Career
I ran; and gloried in my Shame:
Abus'd his Grace; deſpis'd his Fear;
And Others taught to do the ſame.

4. Far, far from Home on Huſks I fed,
Puft up with each fantaſtic Whim.
With Swine a beaſtly Life I led:
And ſerv'd God's Foe inſtead of Him.

5. A forward Fool, a willing Drudge,
I acted for the Prince of Hell:

Did

Did all he bid without a Grudge;
And boaſted, I could ſin ſo well.

6. Bold Blaſphemies employ'd my Tongue.
I heeded not my Heart unclean;
Loſt all Regard of Right or Wrong,
In Thought, in Word, in Act, obſcene.

7. My Body was with Luſt defil'd.
My Soul I pamper'd up in Pride:
Could ſit and hear the Lord revil'd,
The Saviour of Mankind deny'd.

8. I ſtrove to make my Fleſh decay
With foul Diſeaſe, and waſting Pain.
I ſtrove to fling my Life away,
And damn my Soul—but ſtrove in vain.

9. The Lord, from whom I long backſlid,
Firſt check'd me with ſome gentle Stings:
Turn'd on me, look'd, and ſoftly chid;
And bid me hope for greater Things.

10. Soon to his Bar he made me come.
Arraign'd, convicted, caſt, I ſtood,
Expecting from his Mouth the Doom
Of thoſe, who trample on his Blood.

11. Pangs of Remorſe my Conſcience tore.
Hell open'd hideous to my View.
And what I only heard before,
I found by ſad Experience true.

12. Oh! what a diſmal State was this!
What Horrors ſhook my feeble Frame!
But, Brethren, ſurely you can gueſs:
For you, perhaps, have felt the ſame.

3. But O the Goodneſs of our God!
What Pity melts his tender Heart!
He ſaw me welt'ring in my Blood;
And came, and eas'd me of my Smart.

4. While I was yet a great Way off,
He ran, and on my Neck he fell.
My ſhort Diſtreſs he judg'd enough;
And ſnatch'd me from the Brink of Hell.

5. What an amazing Change was here!
I look'd for Hell; he brought me Heav'n.
Chear up, ſaid he; diſmiſs thy Fear;
Chear up; thy Sins are all forgiv'n.

6. I would object; but faſter much
He anſwer'd Peace. What Me?—*Yes, Thee.*
But my enormous Crimes are ſuch—
I give thee Pardon full and free.

7. But for the future, Lord—*I am*
Thy great Salvation, perfect, whole.
Behold, thy bad Works ſhall not damn,
Nor can thy good Works ſave thy Soul.

8. *Renounce them both. Myſelf alone*
Will for *thee work, and* in *thee too.*
Henceforth I make the Cauſe my own;
And undertake to bring thee thro'.

9. He ſaid. I took the full Releaſe.
The Lord had ſign'd it with his Blood.
My Horrors fled; and perfect Peace
And Joy unſpeakable enſu'd.

10. I only begg'd one humble Boon;
(Nor did the Lord offended ſeem)

Some

Some Service might by Me be done
To Souls that truly truſt in Him.

21. Thus I, who lately had been caſt,
And fear'd a juſt but heavy Doom,
Receiv'd a Pardon for the paſt,
A Promiſe for the Time to come.

22. This Promiſe oft I call to Mind,
As thro' ſome painful Paths I go;
And ſecret Conſolation find,
And Strength to fight with ev'ry Foe.

23. And oft-times, when the Tempter ſly
Affirms it fancied, forg'd, or vain,
Jeſus appears; diſproves the Lie;
And kindly makes it o'er again.

XXVIII.

Corruptions.

1. THE Lord aſſur'd the choſen Race,
From *Egypt*'s Bondage brought,
They ſhould obtain the promis'd Place;
And find the Reſt they ſought.

2. Strong Nations now poſſeſs the Land;
Yet yield not thou to Doubt;
With Arm outſtretch'd, and mighty Hand,
Thy God ſhall drive them out.

3. Not all at once; for fear thou find
The rav'nous Beaſts of Prey
Riſing upon thee from behind,
As dang'rous Foes as They.

4. By little and by little, he
Will chace them from thy Sight.
Believers are not call'd, we ſee,
To ſleep or play, but fight.

5. Spiritual Pride, that rampant Beaſt,
Would rear its haughty Head.
True *Faith* would ſoon be diſpoſſeſt,
And *Careleſſneſs* ſucceed.

6. Corruptions make the Mourners ſhun
Preſumption's dang'rous Snare;
Force us to truſt to Chriſt alone,
And fly to God by Pray'r.

7. By them we feel how low we're loſt;
And learn, in ſome Degree,
How dear that great Salvation coſt,
Which comes to Us ſo free.

8. If ſuch a Weight to ev'ry Soul
Of Sin and Sorrow fall;
What Love was that, which took the Whole;
And freely bore it all!

9. O when will God our Joy complete,
And make an End of Sin!
When ſhall we walk the Land, and meet
No *Canaanite* therein?

10. Will this precede the Day of Death?
Or muſt we wait till then?—
Ye ſtruggling Souls, be ſtrong in Faith,
And quit yourſelves like Men.

11. Our dear Deliv'rer's Love is ſuch,
He cannot long delay.

Mean time, that Foe can't boaſt of much,
Who makes us watch and pray.

XXIX.

The Paradox.

1. HOW ſtrange is the Courſe, that a Chriſtian muſt ſteer?
How perplext is the Path he muſt tread?
The Hope of his Happineſs riſes from Fear;
And his Life he receives from the Dead.

2. His faireſt Pretenſions muſt wholly be wav'd;
And his beſt Reſolutions be croſt.
Nor can he expect to be perfectly ſav'd,
Till he find himſelf utterly loſt.

3. When all this is done; and his Heart is aſſur'd
Of the total Remiſſion of Sins;
When his Pardon is ſign'd, and his Peace is procur'd,
From that Moment his Conflict begins.

XXX.

Stand ſtill, and ſee the Salvation of the Lord.
Exod. xiv. 13.

1. OH! what a narrow, narrow Path
Is that which leads to Life!
Some talk of Works, and Some of Faith,
With Warmth, and Zeal, and Strife.

2. But after all that 's ſaid or done,
Let Men think what they will,
The Strength of ev'ry tempted Son
Conſiſts in ſtanding ſtill.

3. " Stand ſtill? ſays One. That 's eaſy ſure;
" 'Tis what I always do."
Deluded Soul, be not ſecure:
This is not meant to You.

4. Not driv'n by Fear, nor drawn by Love,
Nor yet by Duty led,
Lie ſtill you do; and never move.
For who can move, that 's *dead*?

5. But for a *living* Soul to ſtand,
By thouſand Dangers ſcar'd,
And feel Deſtruction cloſe at Hand,
Oh! this indeed is hard!

6. To ſhun this Danger Others run,
To hide they know not where:
Or tho' they fight, no Vict'ry's won;
They only beat the Air.

7. He that believes, the Scripture ſays,
Shall not confus'dly haſte.
Thus Danger threats both him that ſtays,
And him that runs too faſt.

8. Haſte graſps at all; but nothing keeps;
Sloth is a dang'rous State:
And he that flies, and he that ſleeps,
Cannot be ſaid to wait.

9. Lord, let thy Spirit prompt us when
To go, and when to ſtay.

Attract us with the Cords of Men,
And we ſhall not delay.

10. Give Pow'r and Will; and then command;
And we will follow Thee:
And when we 're frighten'd, bid us ſtand,
And thy Salvation ſee.

XXXI.

The Sabbath.

1. GOD thus commanded *Jacob*'s Seed,
When, from *Egyptian* Bondage freed,
He led them by the Way.
Remember, with a mighty Hand
I brought thee forth from *Pharaoh*'s Land;
Then keep my Sabbath-Day.

2. In ſix Days God made Heav'n and Earth;
Gave all the various Creatures Birth:
And from his Working ceas'd.
Theſe Days to Labour he appli'ed;
The Sev'nth he bleſs'd, and ſanctified,
And call'd the Day of *Reſt*.

3. To all God's People now remains
A *Sabbatiſm*, a Reſt from Pains
And Works of ſlaviſh Kind.
When tir'd with Toil, and faint thro' Fear,
The Child of God can enter here,
And ſweet Refreſhment find.

4. To this by Faith he oft retreats,
Bondage and Labour quite forgets,
And bids his Cares adieu;

Slides ſoftly into promis'd Reſt,
Reclines his Head on Jeſu's Breaſt,
And proves the Sabbath true.

5. This, and this only, is the Way,
To rightly keep that Sabbath-Day,
Which God has holy made.
All Keepers, that come ſhort of this,
The Subſtance of the Sabbath miſs;
And graſp an empty Shade.

XXXII.

Who hath deſpiſed the Day *of ſmall Things?*
Zech. iv. 10.

1. THE Lord that made both Heav'n and Earth,
And was himſelf made Man,
Lay in the Womb, before his Birth,
Contracted to a Span;

2. Matur'd by Time, till forth he came
A Babe like others ſeen;
As ſmall in Size, and weak of Frame,
As Babes have always been.

3. From thence he grew an Infant mild,
By fair and due Degrees;
And then became a bigger Child,
And ſat on *Mary*'s Knees.

4. At firſt held up, for want of Strength;
In Time alone he ran:
Then grew a Boy; a Lad; at length
A Youth; at laſt a Man.

5. Behold, from what Beginnings ſmall
Our great Salvation roſe!
The Strength of God is own'd by all:
But who his Weakneſs knows?

6. Thus Souls that would to Heav'n attain,
Muſt *Jacob*'s Ladder climb;
And Step by Step the Summit gain,
In Meaſure, and in Time.

7. Let not the Strong the Weak deſpiſe;
Their Faith, tho' ſmall, is true;
Though low they ſeem in Others Eyes:
Their Saviour ſeem'd ſo too.

8. Nor meanly of the Tempted think:
For, O what Tongue can tell,
How low the Lord of Life muſt ſink,
Before he vanquiſh'd Hell!

9. The leaſt Believer is a Saint.
And if our Growth be ſlow,
We ſhould not therefore tire and faint:
Since Chriſt himſelf could grow.

10. As in the Days of Fleſh he grew
In Wiſdom, Stature, Grace;
So in the Soul, that 's born anew,
He keeps a gradual Pace.

11. No leſs Almighty at his Birth,
Than on his Throne ſupreme:
His Shoulders held up Heav'n and Earth
When *Mary* held up Him.

XXXIII.

Holy-Days.

1. SOME Chriſtians to the Lord regard a Day;
And others to the Lord regard it *not*.
Now tho' theſe ſeem to chuſe a diff'rent Way;
Yet both, at laſt, to one ſame Point are brought.

2. He that regards the Day will reaſon thus.
"This glorious Day our Saviour and our King
"Perform'd ſome mighty Act of Love for Us:
"Obſerve the *Time* in Mem'ry of the *Thing*."

3. Thus he to Jeſus points his kind Intent;
And offers Pray'rs and Praiſes in his Name.
As to the Lord alone his Love is meant,
The Lord accepts it. And who dares to blame?

4. For tho' the Shell indeed is not the Meat;
'Tis not rejected, when the Meat 's within.
Tho' Superſtition is a vain Conceit;
Commemoration ſurely is no Sin.

5. He alſo, that to Days has no Regard,
The Shadows only for the Subſtance quits;
Towards the Saviour's Preſence preſſes hard;
And outward Things thro' Eagerneſs omits.

6. For warmly to himſelf he thus reflects.
"My Lord alone I count my chiefeſt Good.
"All empty Forms my craving Soul rejects;
"And ſeeks the ſolid Riches of his Blood.

7. "All Days and Times I place my ſole Delight
"In Him, the only Object of my Care.

"Exter-

" External Shews for his dear Sake I ſlight;
"Leſt ought but Jeſus my Reſpect ſhould ſhare."

8. Let not th' *Obſerver* therefore entertain
Againſt his Brother any ſecret Grudge:
Nor let the *Non-Obſerver* call him vain:
But uſe his Freedom, and forbear to judge.

9. Thus Both may bring their Motives to the Teſt.
Our condeſcending Lord will both approve.
Let each purſue the Way that likes him beſt.
He cannot walk amiſs, that walks in Love.

XXXIV.

Good-Friday.

1. OH! what a ſad and doleful Night
Preceded that Day's Morn!
When Darkneſs ſeiz'd the Lord of Light;
And Sin by Chriſt was borne!

2. When our intolerable Load
Upon his Soul was laid;
And the vindictive Wrath of God
Flam'd furious on his Head!

3. We in our Conqu'ror well may boaſt;
For none, but God alone,
Can know how dear the Vict'ry coſt,
How hardly it was won.

4. Forth from the Garden, fully tried,
Our bruiſed Champion came,
To ſuffer what remain'd beſide
Of Pain, and Grief, and Shame.

5. Mock'd,

5. Mock'd, ſpit upon, and crown'd with Thorn,
A Spectacle he ſtood;
His Back with Scourges laſh'd and torn,
A Victim bath'd in Blood!

6. Nail'd to the Croſs thro' Hands and Feet
He hung in open View:
To make his Sorrows quite complete,
By God deſerted too.

7. Thro' Nature's Works the Woes he felt
With ſoft Infection ran:
The hardeſt Things could break or melt—
Except the Heart of Man.

8. This Day before thee, Lord, we come.
Oh! melt our Hearts, or break:
For ſhould we now continue dumb,
The very Stones would ſpeak.

9. True; thou haſt paid the heavy Debt,
And made Believers clean:
But he knows nothing of it yet,
Who is not griev'd at Sin.

10. A faithful Friend of Grief partakes:
But Union can be none
Betwixt a *Heart like melting Wax**,
And Hearts as hard as Stone;

11. Betwixt a Head diffuſing Blood,
And Members ſound and whole;
Betwixt an agonizing God,
And an unfeeling Soul.

12. Lord, my long'd Happineſs is full,
When I can go with Thee

To

* Pſalm xxii. 14.

To *Golgotha: The Place of Skull*
Is Heav'n on Earth to Me.

XXXV.

Another.

1. THAT Day when Chriſt was crucified,
The mighty God Jehovah died
An ignominious Death.
He that would keep this ſolemn Day
(And true Diſciples ſafely may)
Muſt keep it firm in Faith.

2. For tho' the mournful Tragedy
May call up Tears in ev'ry Eye;
Yet, Brethren, reſt not here.
Would you condole your dying Friend?
Let each into his Soul deſcend;
And find his Saviour there.

3. This only can our Hearts aſſure;
And make our outward Worſhip pure
In God's all-ſearching Sight.
When all we do with Love is mixt,
And ſtedfaſt Faith on Jeſus fixt,
My Brethren, then we 're right.

XXXVI.

Another.

1. COME, poor Sinners, come away;
In Meditation ſweet,
Let us go to *Golgotha*,
And kiſs our Saviour's Feet.

Let us in his wounded Side
Waſh, 'till we ev'ry Whit are clean:
That 's the Fountain open'd wide
For Filthineſs and Sin.

Zion's Mourners, ceaſe your Fear:
For lo! the dying Lamb
Utterly forbids Deſpair
To all that love his Name.
Him your Fellow-Suff'rer ſee:
He was in all Things like to You.
Are you tempted? So was He.
Deſerted? He was too.

Jeſus, our Redeemer ſhed
For us his vital Blood.
We, thro' our victorious Head,
Can now come near to God.
Sin and Sorrow may diſtreſs;
But neither ſhall us quite controul:
Chriſt has purchas'd Holineſs
For ev'ry Sin-ſick Soul.

XXXVII.

Perſeverance.

THE Sinner that, by precious Faith,
Has felt his Sins forgiv'n,
s, from that Moment, paſs'd from Death,
And ſeal'd an Heir of Heav'n.

Tho' thouſand Snares encloſe his Feet,
Not one ſhall hold him faſt.
Whatever Dangers he may meet,
He ſhall get ſafe at laſt.

3. Not

3. Not as the World the Saviour gives.
He is no fickle Friend:
Whom once he loves, he never leaves;
But loves him to the End.

4. The Spir't that would this Truth withſtand,
Would pull God's Temple down,
Wreſt Jeſu's Sceptre from his Hand,
And ſpoil him of his Crown.

5. *Satan* might then full Vict'ry boaſt;
The Church might wholly fall:
If one Believer may be loſt,
It follows, ſo may all.

6. But Chriſt in ev'ry Age has prov'd
His Purchaſe firm and true.
If this Foundation be remov'd,
What ſhall the Righteous do?

7. Brethren, by this your Claim abide,
This Title to your Bliſs:
Whatever Loſs you bear beſide,
O! never give up This.

XXXVIII.

This is a faithful Saying, and worthy of a Acceptation, that Chriſt Jeſus came into t World to ſave Sinners. 1 Tim. i. 15.

1. WHEN *Adam* by Tranſgreſſion fel
And conſcious fled his Maker's Face
Linkt in clandeſtine League with Hell
He ruin'd all his future Race.

Th

The Seeds of Evil, once brought in,
Increas'd; and fill'd the World with Sin.

This lurking Leav'n ferments the Maſs.
All Nature's ſick; Creation's ſpoil'd;
Each Sin-infected Sire, alas!
Begets a Sin-infected Child.
Thus Propagation ſpreads the Curſe:
And Man, born bad, grows worſe and worſe.

But lo, the ſecond *Adam* came,
The Serpent's ſubtle Head to bruiſe.
He cancels his malicious Claim,
And diſappoints his dev'liſh Views;
Ranſoms poor Pris'ners with his Blood;
And brings the Sinner back to God.

To underſtand theſe Terms aright,
This grand Diſtinction ſhould be known;
Tho' all are Sinners in God's Sight,
There are but few ſo in *their own*.
To ſuch as theſe our Lord was ſent:
They 're only Sinners, who repent.

What Comfort can a Saviour bring
To thoſe who never felt their Woe?
A Sinner is a ſacred Thing;
The Holy Ghoſt has made him ſo.
New Life from Him we muſt receive,
Before for Sin we rightly grieve.

Let the Self-righteous hence beware,
Leſt he this great Salvation ſcorn.
Let ev'ry careleſs Soul take Care;
For they that laugh ſhall one Day mourn.
High-flying Lights, learn hence to ſtoop;
Dry Knowledge only puffs Men up.

7. This faithful Saying let us own;
(Well worthy 'tis to be believ'd)
That Chriſt into the World came down,
That *Sinners* might by him be ſav'd.
Sinners are high in his Eſteem:
And *Sinners* highly value Him.

XXXIX.

The Sinner's Hope.

1. COME, ye humble Sinner-Train,
Souls for whom the Lamb was ſlain,
Chearful let us raiſe our Voice:
We have Reaſon to rejoice.
Let us ſing, with Saints in Heav'n,
Life reſtor'd, and Sins forgiv'n.
Glory, and eternal Laud
Be to our incarnate God.

2. Now look up with Faith, and ſee
Him that bled for You and Me,
Seated on his glorious Throne,
Interceding for his own.
What can Chriſtians have to fear,
When they view their Saviour there?
Hell is vanquiſh'd, Heav'n appeas'd;
God is reconcil'd, and pleas'd.

3. Snares and Dangers may beſet;
For we are but Trav'lers yet.
As the Way indeed is hard,
Let us keep a conſtant Guard,
Neither lifted up with Air,
Nor dejected to Deſpair;

Always keeping Chriſt in View;
He will bring us ſafely thro'.

XL.

The World by Wiſdom knew not God.
1 Cor. i. 21.

1. O Ye Sons of Men, be wiſe:
Truſt no longer Dreams and Lies.
Out of Chriſt, Almighty Pow'r
Can do nothing but devour.

2. God, you ſay, is good. 'Tis true;
But he 's pure and holy too;
Juſt and jealous in his Ire,
Burning with vindictive Fire.

3. This of old Himſelf declar'd:
Iſrael trembled when they heard.
But the Proof of Proofs indeed
Is, he ſent his Son to bleed.

4. When the bleſſed Jeſus died,
God was clearly juſtified:
Sin to pardon without Blood,
Never in his Nature ſtood.

5. Worſhip God then in his Son:
There he 's Love, and there alone.
Think not that he will, or may
Pardon any other Way.

6. See the ſuff'ring Son of God,
Panting! groaning! ſweating Blood!
Brethren, this had never been,
Had not God deteſted Sin.

7. Be his Mercy therefore ſought
In the Way Himſelf has taught.
There his Clemency is ſuch,
We can never truſt too much.

8. He that better knows than We,
Bids us all to Jeſus flee.
Humbly take him at his Word;
And your Souls ſhall bleſs the Lord.

XLI.

Behold and ſee, if there be any Sorrow like unto my Sorrow. Lam. i. 12.

1. MUCH we talk of Jeſu's Blood.
But how little's underſtood!
Of his Suff'rings ſo intenſe
Angels have no perfect Senſe.
Who can rightly comprehend
Their Beginning, or their End!
'Tis to God, and God alone,
That their Weight is fully known.

2. O thou hideous Monſter, Sin,
What a Curſe haſt thou brought in!
All Creation groans thro' Thee,
Pregnant Cauſe of Miſery!
Thou haſt ruin'd wretched Man,
Ever ſince the World began;
Thou haſt God afflicted too;
Nothing leſs than that would do.

3. Would we then rejoice indeed?
Be it, that from thee we 're freed.

And our juſteſt Cauſe to grieve
Is, that thou wilt to us cleave.
Faith relieves us from thy Guilt:
But we think whoſe Blood was ſpilt.
All we hear, or feel, or ſee,
Serves to raiſe our Hate to Thee.

4. Dearly are we bought; for God
Bought us with his own Heart's Blood.
Boundleſs Depths of Love divine!
Jeſus, what a Love was thine!
Tho' the Wonders thou haſt done
Are, as yet, ſo little known;
Here we fix, and Comfort take;
Jeſus died for Sinners Sake.

XLII.

Election.

1. BRethren, would you know your Stay?
What it is ſupports you ſtill?
Why, tho' tempted ev'ry Day,
Yet you ſtand; and ſtand you will?
Long before our Birth,
Nay, before Jehovah laid
The Foundations of the Earth,
We were choſen in our Head.

2. God's Election is the Ground
Of our Hope to perſevere.
On this Rock your Building found:
And preſerve your Title clear.
Infidels may laugh;
Phariſees gainſay, or rail;
Here 's your Tenure (keep it ſafe)
God's Elect can never fail.

XLIII.

Create in me a clean Heart. Pſalm li. 10.

1. LORD, when thy Spir't deſcends to ſhew
The Badneſs of our Hearts,
Aſtoniſh'd at th' amazing View
The Soul with Horror ſtarts.

2. The Dungeon, op'ning foul as Hell,
It's loathſome Stench emits;
And brooding in each ſecret Cell
Some hideous Monſter ſits.

3. Swarms of ill Thoughts their Bane diffuſe,
Proud, envious, falſe, unclean;
And ev'ry ranſack'd Corner ſhews
Some unſuſpected Sin.

4. Our ſtagg'ring Faith gives way to Doubt;
Our Courage yields to Fear.
Shock'd at the Sight, we ſtrait cry out;
"Can ever God dwell here?"

5. But He that ſhews, can purge the Filth
Of each polluted Soul;
Reſtore the putrid Parts to Health,
And purify the Whole.

6. None leſs than God's Almighty Son
Can move ſuch Loads of Sin:
The Water from his Side muſt run
To waſh this Dungeon clean.

7. O come, thou much-expected Gueſt,
Lord Jeſus, quickly come.

Enter

Enter the Chamber of my Breaſt:
Thyſelf prepare the Room.

8. For ſhouldſt thou ſtay, till thou canſt meet
Reception worthy Thee;
With Sinners thou wouldſt never ſit—
At leaſt (I'm ſure) with Me.

9. When, when will that bleſt Time arrive,
When thou wilt kindly deign
With me to ſit, to lodge, to live;
And never part again?

XLIV.

Jabez's *Prayer*. 1 Chron. iv. 9, 10.

1. A Saint there was in Days of old,
Tho' we but little of him hear,
In Honour high: Of whom is told
A ſhort, but an effectual Pray'r.
This Pray'r, my Brethren, let us view;
And try if we can pray ſo too.

2. He call'd on *Iſr'el*'s God, 'tis ſaid.
Let us take Notice firſt of that:
Had he to any other pray'd,
To Us it had not matter'd what.
For all true *Iſra'lites* adore
One God, *Immanuel*, and no more.

3. "Oh! that thou wouldſt me bleſs indeed;
"And that thou wouldſt enlarge my Bound;
"And let thy Hand in ev'ry Need
"A Guide and Help be with me found;
"That thou wouldſt cauſe that Evil be
"No Cauſe of Pain and Grief to Me."

4. What

4. What is it to be bleſt indeed,
But to have all our Sins forgiv'n;
To be from Guilt and Terror freed,
Redeem'd from Hell, and ſeal'd for Heav'
To worſhip an Incarnate God,
And know he ſav'd us by his Blood?

5. And next to have our Coaſt enlarg'd,
Is, that our Hearts extend their Plan
From Bondage and from Fear diſcharg'
And fill'd with Love to God and Ma
To caſt off ev'ry narrow Thought;
And uſe the Freedom Chriſt has bought.

6. To uſe this Liberty aright,
And not the Grace of God abuſe,
We always need his Hand, his Might;
Leſt what he gives us we ſhould loſe;
Spiritual Pride would ſoon creep in,
And turn his very Grace to Sin.

7. This Pray'r, ſo long ago preferr'd,
Is left on ſacred Record thus.
And this good Pray'r by God was heard
And kindly handed down to Us.
Thus *Jabez* pray'd (for that's his Name
Let all Believers pray the ſame.

XLV.

Whitſunday.

1. WHEN the bleſt Day of Pente
Was fully come; the Holy G
Deſcended from above,
Sent by the Father and the Son,

(The Sender and the Sent are one)
The Lord of Life and Love.

2. Within one Houſe, with one Accord,
The faithful Foll'wers of our Lord
Waiting his Promiſe ſit;
That veſted with *ſupernal** Pow'r
They might be then, and not before,
To preach the Goſpel fit.

3. Sudden a ruſhing Wind they hear;
And fiery cloven Tongues appear;
It ſat on ev'ry one.
Cloven, perhaps, to be the Sign
That God no longer would confine
His Word to *Jews* alone.

4. To ev'ry Nation under Heav'n
To hear the Goſpel-ſound is giv'n;
The Call to all extends.
As *ours* was parted long ago;
So God divides *his* Language too;
And after Sinners ſends.

5 And were theſe firſt Diſciples bleſt
With heav'nly Gifts? And ſhall the reſt
Be paſt unheeded by?
What? Has the Holy Ghoſt forgot
To quicken Souls that Chriſt has bought;
And lets them lifeleſs lie?

6. No, thou Almighty Paraclete;
Thou ſhedd'ſt thy heav'nly Influence yet;
Thou viſit'ſt Sinners ſtill:
Thy Breath of Life, thy quick'ning Flame,
Thy Pow'r, thy Godhead, ſtill the ſame,
We own; becauſe we feel.

XLVI.

* From above.

XLVI.

Another.

1. THE Soul that with ſincere Deſires
Seeks after Jeſu's Love,
That Soul the Holy Ghoſt inſpires
With Breathings from above.

2. Not ev'ry one, in like Degree,
The Spir't of God receives:
The Chriſtian often cannot ſee
His Faith; and yet believes.

3. So gentle ſometimes is the Flame;
That, if we take not Heed,
We may unkindly quench the ſame:
We may, my Friends, indeed.

4. Bleſt God, that once in fiery Tongues
Cam'ſt down in open View,
Come, viſit ev'ry Heart that longs
To entertain thee too.

5. And tho' not like a mighty Wind,
Nor with a ruſhing Noiſe;
May we thy calmer Comforts find:
And hear thy ſtill ſmall Voice.

6. Not for the Gift of Tongues we pray;
Nor Pow'r the Sick to heal:
Give Wiſdom to direct our Way;
And Strength to do thy Will.

7. We pray to be renew'd within,
And reconcil'd to God;
To have our Conſcience waſh'd from Sin
In the Redeemer's Blood.

8. W

8. We pray to have our Faith increas'd.
And, O celeſtial Dove!
We pray to be completely bleſt
With that rich Bleſſing, Love.

XLVII.

Hymn, and Doxology to the Trinity.

1. TO comprehend the great THREE-ONE
Is more than higheſt Angels can;
Or what the Trinity has done
From Death and Hell to ranſom Man.

2. But all true Chriſtians this may boaſt
(A Truth from Nature never learn'd)
That Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
To ſave our Souls are all concern'd.

3. The Father's Love in this we find;
He made his Son our Sacrifice.
The Son in Love his Life reſign'd.
The Spir't of Love his Blood applies.

4. Thus we the Trinity can praiſe
In Unity, thro' Chriſt our King;
Our grateful Hearts and Voices raiſe
In Faith and Love; while thus we ſing.

5. GLORY to God the Father be;
Becauſe he ſent his Son to die.
Glory to God the Son; that He
Did with ſuch Willingneſs comply.

6. Glory to God the Holy Ghoſt,
Who to our Hearts this Love reveals.
Thus God Three-One to Sinners loſt
Salvation *ſends*, *procures*, *and ſeals*.

XLVIII.

Heaven and Earth ſhall paſs away, but my Words ſhall not paſs away. Matt. xxiv. 35.

1. THE Moon and Stars ſhall loſe their Light;
The Sun ſhall ſink in endleſs Night;
Both Heav'n and Earth ſhall paſs away;
The Works of Nature all Decay.

2. But they that in the Lord confide,
And ſhelter in his wounded Side,
Shall ſee the Danger overpaſt;
Stand ev'ry Storm; and live at laſt.

3. What Chriſt has ſaid *muſt-be* fulfill'd.
On this firm Rock, Believers, build.
His Word ſhall ſtand, his Truth prevail;
And not one Jot or Tittle fail.

4. His Word is this (poor Sinners, hear)
" Believe on Me, and baniſh Fear.
" Ceaſe from your own Works, bad or good:
" And waſh your Garments in my Blood.

XLIX.

The *Rainbow.* Iſa. liv. 9.

1. WHEN deaf to ev'ry Warning giv'n
Man brav'd the patient Pow'r of Heav'n,
Great in his Anger God aroſe,
Delug'd the World, and drown'd his Foes.

2. Ven-

2. Vengeance, that call'd for this juſt Doom,
Retir'd to make ſweet Mercy Room:
God, of his Wrath repenting, ſwore,
A Flood ſhould drown the Earth no more.

3. That future Ages this might know,
He plac'd in Heav'n his radiant Bow,
The Sign, till Time itſelf ſhall fail,
That Waters ſhall no more prevail.

4. The Beauties of this Bow but ſhine
To vulgar Eyes as ſomething fine:
Others inveſtigate their Cauſe
By Mediums drawn from Nature's Laws.

5. But what great Ends can Men purſue
From Schemes like theſe, ſuppoſe them true?
Deſcribe the Form; the Cauſe define;
The Rainbow ſtill remains a Sign:

6. A Sign, in which by Faith we read
The Cov'nant God with *Noah* made;
A noble End, and truly great!
But ſomething greater lies there yet.

7. This Bow, that beams with vivid Light,
Preſents a Sign to Chriſtians' Sight,
That God has ſworn (who dares condemn?)
" He will no more be wroth with Them.

8. Thus the Believer, when he views
The Rainbow in its various Hues,
May ſay; " Thoſe lively Colours ſhine
" To ſhew, that Heav'n is ſurely mine.

9. " See, in yon' Cloud, what Tinctures glow,
" And gild the ſmiling Vales below!

" So ſmiles my chearful Soul to ſee
" My God is reconcil'd to Me.

L.

Charity never faileth. 1 Cor. xiii. 8.

1. FAITH in the bleeding Lamb,
O what a Gift is this!
Hope of Salvation in his Name,
How comfortable 'tis!

2. *Knowledge* of what is right;
How God is reconcil'd,
A Foe receiv'd a Favourite,
An Alien made a Child.

3. Bleſſings, my Friends, like theſe,
Are very very great:
But ſoon they ev'ry one muſt ceaſe:
Nor are they now complete.

4. *Faith* will to *Bliſs* give place.
In *Sight* we *Hope* ſhall loſe.
For who needs truſt for Things he has;
Or hope for what he views?

5. The little too that's *known*,
Which, Children-like, we boaſt,
Will fade, like Glow-worms in the Sun,
Or Drops in Ocean loſt.

6. But Love ſhall ſtill remain;
Its Glories cannot ceaſe.
No other Change ſhall that ſuſtain,
Save only to increaſe.

7. Of

7. Of all that God beſtows,
In Earth, or Heav'n above,
The beſt Gift Saint or Angel knows,
Or e'er will know, is Love.

8. Love all Defects ſupplies,
Makes great Obſtructions ſmall.
'Tis Pray'r; 'tis Praiſe; 'tis Sacrifice;
'Tis Holineſs; 'tis All.

9. Deſcend, celeſtial Dove,
With Jeſu's Flock abide:
Give us that beſt of Bleſſings, Love;
Whate'er we want beſide.

LI.

And when they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both. Luke vii. 42.

1. MERCY is welcome News indeed,
To thoſe that *guilty* ſtand.
Wretches, that *feel* what Help they need,
Will bleſs the helping Hand.

2. Who rightly would his Alms diſpoſe,
Muſt give them to the *Poor*.
None but the *wounded* Patient knows
The Comforts of his Cure.

3. We all have ſinn'd againſt our God;
Exception none can boaſt:
But he, that feels the heavieſt Load,
Will prize Forgiveneſs moſt.

4. No Reck'ning can we rightly keep.
For who the Sums can know?

Some Souls are fifty Pieces deep;
And Some five hundred owe.

5. But let our Debts be what they may,
However great, or ſmall;
As ſoon as we have *Nought* to pay,
Our Lord forgives us all.

6. 'Tis perfect Poverty alone,
That ſets the Soul at large:
While we can call one Mite our own,
We have no full Diſcharge.

LII.

Praying for Relations.

1. KIND Souls, who for the Mis'ries moan
Of thoſe who ſeldom mind their own;
But treat your Zeal with cold Diſdain,
Reſolv'd to make your Labours vain;

2. You, whoſe ſincere Affection tends
To help your dear, ungrateful Friends,
That think you Foes, or mad, or Fools,
Becauſe you fain would ſave their Souls;

3. Tho' deaf to ev'ry Warning giv'n,
They ſcorn to walk with you to Heav'n;
But often think, and ſometimes ſay,
They'll never go, if that 's the Way;

4. Tho' they the Spir't of God reſiſt,
Or ridicule your Faith in Chriſt;
Tho' they blaſpheme, oppoſe, contemn;
And hate you for your Love to Them;

5. One

5. One ſecret Way is left you ſtill
To do them Good, againſt their Will:
Here they can no Obſtruction give;
You *may* do this, without their Leave.

6. Fly to the Throne of Grace by Pray'r,
And pour out all your Wiſhes there:
Effectual fervent Pray'r prevails,
When ev'ry other Method fails.

LIII.

Faith is the Victory.

1. WHoe'er believes aright,
In Chriſt's atoning Blood,
Of all his Guilt 's acquitted quite;
And may draw near to God.

2. But Sin will ſtill remain,
Corruptions riſe up thick;
And Satan ſays the Med'cine 's vain,
Becauſe we yet are ſick.

3. But all this will not do;
Our Hope 's on Jeſus caſt:
Let All be Li'rs, and Him be true;
We ſhall be well at laſt.

LIV.

Faith and Repentance.

1. JESUS is our God and Saviour,
Guide, and Counſellor, and Friend,
Bearing all our Miſbehaviour,
Kind, and loving to the End.

Truſt him; he will not deceive us,
Tho' we hardly of him deem:
He will never, never leave us;
Nor will let us quite leave Him.

2. View him in the doleful Garden;
View him on the bloody Tree,
Dearly purchaſing a Pardon,
For his People, full and free.
View him now in Heaven ſitting,
Interceding for us there,
Not a Moment intermitting
His Compaſſion and his Care.

3. Nothing but thy Blood, O Jeſus,
Can relieve us from our Smart;
Nothing elſe from Guilt releaſe us;
Nothing elſe can melt the Heart.
Law and Terrors do but harden,
All the while they work alone;
But a Senſe of Blood-bought Pardon
Soon diſſolves a Heart of Stone.

4. 'Tis a ſafe, tho' deep Compunction,
Thy repenting People feel.
Love and Grief compound an Unction,
Both to cleanſe our Wounds and heal.
Balm is uſeleſs to th' Unfeeling:
And Repentance without Faith
Is a Sore, that never healing
Frets and rankles unto Death.

5. Jeſus, all our Conſolations
Flow from Thee the Sov'reign Good.
Love, and Faith, and Hope, and Patience,
All are purchas'd by thy Blood.

From

From thy Fulneſs we receive them;
We have nothing of our own:
Freely thou delight'ſt to give them;
To the Needy, who have none.

Teach us, by thy patient Spirit,
How to mourn, and not deſpair.
Let us, leaning on thy Merit,
Wreſtle hard with God in Pray'r.
Whatſoe'er Afflictions ſeize us,
They ſhall profit, if not pleaſe:
But defend, defend us, Jeſus,
From Security and Eaſe.

Softly to thy Garden lead us,
To behold thy bloody Sweat.
Tho' thou from the Curſe haſt freed us,
Let us not the Coſt forget.
Be thy Groans and Cries rehearſed,
By the Spirit, in our Ears;
'Till we, viewing whom we 've pierced,
Melt in ſympathetic Tears.

LV.

Another.

COME, ye Chriſtians, ſing the Praiſes
Of your condeſcending God;
Come, and hymn the holy Jeſus,
Who hath waſh'd us in his Blood.
We are poor, and weak, and ſilly,
And to ev'ry Evil prone;
Yet our Jeſus loves us freely,
And receives us for his own.

2. Tho' we 're mean in Man's Opinion,
He hath made us Prieſts and Kings.
Pow'r, and Glory, and Dominion
To the Lamb the Sinner ſings.
Leprous Souls, unſound and filthy,
Come before him as you are:
'Tis the ſick Man, not the healthy,
Needs the good Phyſician's Care.

3. Hear the Terms that never vary;
"To repent, and to believe."
Both of theſe are neceſſary:
Both from Jeſus we receive.
Would-be-Chriſtian, duly ponder
Theſe in thine impartial Mind:
And let no Man put aſunder
What the Lord has wiſely join'd.

4. Oh! beware of fondly thinking
God accepts thee for thy Tears.
Are the Ship-wreck'd ſav'd by ſinking?
Can the Ruin'd riſe by Fears?
Oh! beware of Truſt ill-grounded.
'Tis but fancied Faith at moſt,
To be cur'd, and not be wounded;
To be ſav'd, before you 're loſt.

5. No big Words of ready Talkers,
No dry Doctrine will ſuffice.
Broken Hearts, and humble Walkers,
Theſe are dear in Jeſu's Eyes.
Tinkling Sounds of Diſputation,
Naked Knowledge, all are vain:
Ev'ry Soul, that gains Salvation,
Muſt and ſhall be born again.

LVI

LVI.

Another.

PART I.

LET us aſk th' important Queſtion
(Brethren, be not too ſecure)
What it is to be a Chriſtian;
How we may our Hearts aſſure.
Vain is all our beſt Devotion,
On falſe Foundations built:
True Religion 's more than Notion;
Something muſt be known and felt.

'Tis to truſt our Well-beloved
His Blood has waſh'd us clean.
'Tis to hope our Guilt 's removed,
Tho' we feel it riſe within.
To believe that all is finiſh'd,
Tho' ſo much remains t' endure.
And the Dangers undiminiſh'd;
Yet to hold Deliv'rance ſure.

'Tis to credit Contradictions.
Walk with him one never ſees.
Cry and groan beneath Afflictions;
Yet to dread the Thoughts of Eaſe.
'Tis to feel the Fight againſt us;
Yet the Vict'ry hope to gain.
To believe that Chriſt has cleans'd us;
Yet the Leproſy remain.

'Tis to hear the Holy Spirit
Tempting us to ſecret Pray'r.
To rejoice in Jeſu's Merit;
Yet continual Sorrow bear,

To

To receive a full Remiſſion
Of our Sins for evermore;
Yet to ſigh with ſore Contrition,
Begging Mercy ev'ry Hour.

5. To be ſtedfaſt in believing;
Yet to tremble, fear, and quake.
Ev'ry Moment be receiving
Strength; and yet be always weak.
To be fighting, fleeing, turning;
Ever ſinking; yet to ſwim.
To converſe with Jeſus, mourning
For ourſelves, or elſe for Him.

PART II.

1. GREAT High-Prieſt, we view thee ſtooping,
With our Names upon thy Breaſt,
In the Garden, groaning, drooping,
To the Ground with Horrors preſt.
Weeping Angels ſtood confounded
To behold their Maker thus.
And can we remain unwounded,
When we know 't was all for Us?

2. On the Croſs thy Body broken
Cancels ev'ry penal Tie.
Tempted Souls, produce this Token
All Demands to ſatisfy.
All is finiſh'd; do not doubt it,
But believe your dying Lord:
Never reaſon more about it;
Only take him at his Word.

3. Lord, we fain would truſt thee ſolely,
'Twas for Us thy Blood was ſpilt.

Bruiſed Bridegroom, take us wholly;
Take, and make us what thou wilt.
Thou haſt borne the bitter Sentence
Haſt on Man's devoted Race:
True Belief, and true Repentance
Are thy Gifts, thou God of Grace.

LVII.

The Wiſh.

IF Duſt and Aſhes might preſume,
Great God, to talk to Thee;
In thy Preſence can be Room
For crawling Worms like Me:
Humbly would my *Wiſh* preſent;
For *Wiſhes* I have none;
My Deſires are now content
To be compriz'd in One.

I would not ſue for Length of Days;
For Honour, or for Wealth;
Or, that which far ſurpaſſeth theſe,
Uninterrupted Health.
I would not aſk, a Monarch's Heir,
Or Counſellor to be:
Better Wiſdom I would ſhare,
And nobler Pedigree.

Nor Joy, nor Strength would I requeſt;
Tho' neither I contemn:
I would Petition to be bleſt
With what tranſcendeth Them.
I pray not that Angels might convey
My Soul this Night to Heav'n:

Thy

Thy Time with Patience I can ſtay,
Since all my Sin 's forgiv'n.

4. Nor would I crave in higheſt State
At thy right Hand to ſit:
(The Suit of *Zeb'dee*'s Sons) for *that*
I know myſelf unfit.
Nor in thy Church on Earth would ſtri
A pompous Poſt to fill:
For fear I might not well perceive,
Or fail to do, thy Will.

5. The ſingle Boon I would intreat
Is, to be led by Thee,
To gaze upon thy bloody Sweat
In ſad *Gethſemane*.
To view (as I could bear at leaſt)
Thy tender broken Heart,
Like a rich Olive, bruis'd and preſt
With agonizing Smart.

6. To ſee thee bow'd beneath my Guilt,
Intolerable Load!
To ſee thy Blood for Sinners ſpilt,
My groaning, gaſping God;
With ſympathizing Grief to mourn
The Sorrows of thy Soul;
The Pangs and Tortures by thee born
In ſome Degree condole.

7. There muſing on thy mighty Love,
I always would remain:
Or but to *Golgotha* remove,
And thence return again.
In each dear Place the ſame rich Scene
Should ever be renew'd:

No Object elſe ſhould intervene;
But all be Love and Blood.

8. For this one Favour oft I've ſought:
And if this one be giv'n,
I ſeek on Earth no happier Lot;
And hope the like in Heav'n.
Lord, pardon what I aſk amiſs;
For Knowledge I have none.
I do but humbly ſpeak my Wiſh;
And may thy Will be done.

LVIII.

Pride.

1. INnumerable Foes
Attack the Child of God.
He feels within the Weight of Sin,
A grievous galling Load.

2. Temptations too without,
Of various Kinds, aſſault.
Sly Snares beſet his trav'ling Feet,
And make him often halt.

3. From Sinner, and from Saint,
He meets with many a Blow:
His own bad Heart creates him Smart;
Which only God can know.

4. But tho' the Hoſt of Hell
Be neither weak nor ſmall;
One mighty Foe deals dang'rous Woe,
And hurts beyond them all.

5. 'Tis Pride, accurſed Pride,
That Spir't by God abhorr'd:
Do what we will, it haunts us ſtill;
And keeps us from the Lord.

6. It blows it's pois'nous Breath,
And bloats the Soul with Air;
The Heart up-lifts with God's own Gifts,
And makes ev'n Grace a Snare.

7. Awake—nay while we ſleep;
In all we think or ſpeak,
It puffs us glad, torments us ſad;
It's Hold we cannot break.

8. In other Ills we find
The Hand of Heav'n not ſlack:
Pride only knows to interpoſe,
And keep our Comforts back.

9. 'Tis hurtful, when perceiv'd:
When not perceiv'd, 'tis worſe.
Unſeen or ſeen it dwells within;
And works by Fraud or Force.

10. Againſt it's Influence pray,
It mingles with the Pray'r;
Againſt it preach, it prompts the Speech;
Be ſilent, ſtill 'tis there.

11. This Moment, while I write,
I feel it's Pow'r within;
My Heart it draws to ſeek Applauſe,
And mixes all with Sin.

12. Thou meek and lowly Lamb,
This haughty Tyrant kill;

Th

That wounded Thee, tho' thou waſt free,
And grieves thy Spirit ſtill.

13. Our condeſcending God,
(To whom elſe ſhall we go?)
Remove our Pride, whate'er betide;
And lay, and keep us low.

14. Thy Garden is the Place,
Where Pride cannot intrude:
For ſhould it dare to enter there,
'Twould ſoon be drown'd in Blood.

LIX.

The High-Prieſt.

1. WHEN *Aaron* in the holi'ſt Place
Atonement made for *Iſr'el*'s Race,
The Names of all their Tribes expreſt
He wore conſpicuous on his Breaſt.

2. Twelve letter'd Stones, with Sculpture bold,
Deep ſeated in the wounded Gold,
Glow'd on the Breaſt-plate richly bright,
And beam'd characteriſtic Light.

3. His Hands a golden Cenſer held
With burning Coals and Incenſe fill'd;
Which clouded all the holy Room
With od'rous Steams of rich Perfume.

4. And, leſt the Prieſt the Place defile,
A coſtly conſecrating Oil,
With mingled Gums and Spices ſweet,
Had for his Office made him meet.

5. The liquid Compound from his Head
It's unctious Odours downwards ſpread:
Delicious Drops, like balmy Dews,
O'er all the Man their Sweets diffuſe.

6. Array'd in hallow'd Veſts he ſtood
Sprinkled with holy Oil and Blood.
The Tabernacle's ſacred Frame,
And all within it ſhar'd the ſame.

7. So when our great *Melchiſedec*
The true Atonement came to make,
A holy Oil anoints *Him* too,
Richer than *Aaron* ever knew.

8. His Body bath'd in Sweat and Blood,
Show'r'd on the Ground a purple Flood;
The rich Effuſion copious ran,
To glad the Heart of God and Man.

9. Deep in his Breaſt engrav'd he bore
Our Names with ev'ry penal Score;
When preſt to Earth he proſtrate lay,
Shock'd at the Sum, yet prompt to pay.

10. The fragrant Incenſe of his Pray'r,
To Heav'n went up thro' yielding Air,
Perfum'd the Throne of God on high,
And calm'd offended Majeſty.

LX.

Election.

1. MIGHTY Enemies without,
Much mightier within,
Thoughts we cannot quell, nor rout,
Blaſphemouſly obſcene,

Coldneſs,

Coldneſs, Unbelief, and Pride,
Hell, and all it's murd'rous Train,
Threaten Death on ev'ry Side;
And have their Thouſands ſlain.

2. Thus purſu'd, and thus diſtreſt,
Ah! whither ſhall we fly?
To obtain the promis'd Reſt,
On what ſure Hand rely?
Shall the Chriſtian truſt his Heart?
That, alas! of Foes the worſt,
Always takes the Tempter's Part;
Nay, often tempts him firſt.

3. If To-day we be ſincere,
And can both watch and pray;
Watchfulneſs, perhaps, and Pray'r
To-morrow may decay.
If we now believe aright;
Faithfulneſs is God's alone:
We are feeble, fickle, light,
To Changes ever prone.

4. But we build upon a Baſe
That nothing can remove,
When we truſt electing Grace
And everlaſting Love.
Vict'ry over all our Foes
Chriſt has purchas'd with his Blood:
Perſeverance he beſtows
On ev'ry Child of God.

LXI.

Another.

1. WHEN we pray, or when we ſing,
Or read, or ſpeak, or hear,
Or do any holy Thing,
Be this our conſtant Care;
With a fixt habitual Faith
Jeſus Chriſt to keep in View,
Truſting wholly in his Death
In all we aſk, or do.

2. Holineſs, in all it's Parts,
Affections plac'd above,
Self-Abhorrence, contrite Hearts,
Humility and Love,
Ev'ry Virtue, ev'ry Grace,
All that bears the Name of Good,
Perſeverance in our Race,
We draw from Jeſu's Blood.

3. Lamb of God, in thee we truſt,
On thy fixt Love depend;
Thou art faithful, true, and juſt;
And loveſt to the End.
Heav'n and Earth ſhall paſs away;
But thy Word ſhall firm abide:
That's thy Children's ſtedfaſt Stay,
When all Things fail beſide.

LXII.

Chriſt in the Garden.

1. COME hither ye, that fain would know
Th' exceeding Sinfulneſs of Sin:
Come ſee a Scene of matchleſs Woe;
And tell me, what it all can mean.

2. Behold

2. Behold the darling Son of God
Bow'd down with Horror to the Ground,
Wrung at the Heart, and ſweating Blood,
His Eyes in Tears of Sorrow drown'd.

3. See how the Victim panting lies,
His Soul with bitter Anguiſh preſt.
He ſighs, he faints, he groans, he cries,
Diſmay'd, dejected, ſhock'd, diſtreſt!

4. What Pangs are theſe that tear his Heart?
What Burden 's this that 's on him laid?
What means this Agony of Smart?
What makes our Maker hang his Head?

5. 'Tis Juſtice with it's Iron Rod
Inflicting Strokes of Wrath divine:
'Tis the vindictive Hand of God
Incens'd at all your Sins, and mine.

6. Deep in his Breaſt our Names were cut.
He undertook our deſp'rate Debt.
Such Loads of Guilt were on him put,
He could but juſt ſuſtain the Weight.

7. Then let us not ourſelves deceive:
For while of Sin we lightly deem,
Whatever Notions we may have,
Indeed we are not much like Him.

LXIII.

The Crucifixion.

1. NOW from the Garden to the Croſs
Let us attend the Lamb of God.
Be all Things elſe accounted Droſs,
Compar'd with Sin-atoning Blood.

2. See

2. See, how the patient Jesus stands,
Insulted in his lowest Case:
Sinners have bound th' Almighty's Hands;
And spit in their Creator's Face.

3. With Thorns his Temples gor'd and gash'd
Send Streams of Blood from ev'ry Part.
His Back 's with knotted Scourges lash'd:
But sharper Scourges tear his Heart.

4. Nail'd naked to th' accursed Wood,
Expos'd to Earth and Heav'n above,
A Spectacle of Wounds and Blood;
A Prodigy of injur'd Love!

5. Hark, how his doleful Cries affright
Affected Angels, while they view.
His Friends forsook him in the Night;
And now his God forsakes him too.

6. O, what a Field of Battle 's here!
Vengeance and Love their Pow'rs oppose:
Never was such a mighty Pair;
Never were two such desp'rate Foes.

7. Behold that pale, that languid Face,
That drooping Head, those cold dead Eyes!
Behold, in Sorrow and Disgrace
Our conqu'ring Hero hangs, and dies!

8. Ye that assume his sacred Name,
Now tell me, what can all this mean?
What was it bruis'd God's harmless Lamb?
What was it pierc'd his Soul, but Sin?

9. Blush, Christian, blush; let Shame abound:
If Sin affects thee not with Woe,

What-

Whatever Spir't be in thee found,
The Spir't of Chriſt thou doſt not know.

LXIV.

In the Lord have I Righteouſneſs and Strength.
Iſa. xlv. 24.

1. FAITH in Jeſus can repel
The Darts of Sin and Death.
Faith gives Vict'ry over Hell:
But who can give us *Faith?*
Hope in Chriſt the Soul revives;
Supports the Spirits, when they droop.
Hope celeſtial Comfort gives:
But who can give us *Hope?*

2. *Love* to Jeſus Chriſt and His
Fixes the Heart above.
Love gives everlaſting Bliſs:
But who can give us *Love?*
To *believe* 's the Gift of God.
Well-grounded *Hope* he ſends from Heav'n.
Love 's the Purchaſe of his Blood,
To all his Children giv'n.

3. Jeſus, from thy boundleſs Store,
Thy Treaſuries of Grace,
On thy feeble Foll'wers pour
Thy Righteouſneſs and Peace.
Of *thy* Righteouſneſs alone
Continual Mention we will make.
We have nothing of our own:
But Soul and All 's at Stake.

LXV.

Man's Righteousness.

1. MAN, bewail thy Situation:
Hell-born Sin,
Once crept in,
Marr's God's fair Creation.

2. Vaunt thy native Strength no longer:
Vain's the Boast;
All is lost;
Sin and Death are stronger.

3. Enemies to God and Goodness
Great and small,
Since the Fall,
Sink in Lust and Lewdness.

4. If to this thou art a Stranger:
While thou 'rt
Out of Christ,
Greater is thy Danger.

5. Trust not to thy smooth Behaviour;
All 's Deceit;
And the Cheat
Keeps thee from the Saviour.

6. Oft we 're best when Dangers fright us:
Jesus came
To reclaim
Sinners, not the Righteous.

7. Sick Men feel their bad Condition;
But the Soul,
That is whole,
Slights the good Physician.

LXVI.

The Linsey-woolsey Garment.

1. DARK is he whose Eye 's not single:
Foolish Man,
Never can
Hell with Heaven mingle.

2. Ev'ry Thing we do we sin in;
Chosen *Jews*
Must not use
Woolen mixt with Linen.

3. God is holy in his Nature;
And by that
Needs must hate
Sin in ev'ry Creature.

4. Infinite in Truth and Justice,
He surveys
All our Ways;
Knows in whom our Trust is.

5. Partial Service is his Loathing:
He requires
Pure Desires,
All the Heart, or Nothing.

6. If we think of reconciling
Black with White,
Dark with Light,
'Tis but Self-beguiling.

7. Righteousness to full Perfection
Must be brought,
Lacking nought,
Fearless of Rejection.

LXVII.

Chriſt's Righteouſneſs.

1. RIghteouſneſs to the Believer,
Freely giv'n,
Comes from Heav'n,
God himſelf the Giver.

2. Chriſt has wrought this mighty Wonder;
God and Man
By him can
Meet, and never ſunder.

3. All the Law in human Nature
He fulfill'd,
Reconcil'd
Creature and Creator.

4. Ev'ry one, without Exemption,
That believes,
Now receives
Abſolute Redemption.

5. Robes of Righteouſneſs imputed,
White and whole,
Cloath the Soul,
Each exactly ſuited.

6. 'Tis a Way of God's own finding;
'Tis his Act;
And the *Pact** *
Cannot but be binding.

7. Here is no Prevarication;
Juſtice ſtands,
And demands
Full and free Salvation.

* *Covenant.*

LXVIII.

The Saint's Inheritance.

1. PErfect Holineſs of Spirit
Saints above
Full of Love
With the Lamb inherit.

2. This Inheritance, Believer,
Faith alone
Makes thy own,
Safe and ſure for ever.

3. True, 'twas thine from everlaſting;
But the Bliſs
Of it is
Known to thee by Taſting.

4. Tho' thou here receive but little,
Scarce enough
For the Proof
Of thy proper Title.

5. Urge thy Claim thro' all Unfitneſs;
Sue it out
Spurning Doubt;
Th' Holy Ghoſt's thy Witneſs.

6. Cite the Will of his own Sealing;
Title good,
Sign'd with Blood,
Valid, and unfailing.

7. When thy Title thou diſcerneſt;
Humbly then
Sue again
For continual Earneſt.

LXIX.

But it is good for me to draw near to God.
Pſalm lxxiii. 28.

1. AS when a Child ſecure of Harms
Hangs at the Mother's Breaſt,
Safe folded in her anxious Arms
Receiving Food and Reſt:
And while thro' many a painful Path
The trav'ling Parent ſpeeds,
The fearleſs Babe, with paſſive Faith,
Lies ſtill, and yet proceeds.

2. Should ſome ſhort Start his Quiet break,
He fondly ſtrives to fling
His little Arms about her Neck,
And ſeems to cloſer cling.
Poor Child, maternal Love alone
Preſerves thee firſt and laſt;
Thy Parent's Arms, and not thy own,
Are thoſe that hold thee faſt.

3. So Soul's that would to Jeſus cleave,
And hear his ſecret Call,
Muſt ev'ry fair Pretenſion leave,
And let the Lord be all.
" Keep cloſe to me, thou helpleſs Sheep,
The Shepherd ſoftly cries.
Lord, tell me what 'tis cloſe to keep?
The liſt'ning Sheep replies.

4. " Thy whole Dependence on me fix;
" Nor entertain a Thought
" Thy worthleſs Schemes with mine to mix,
" But venture to be *Nought*.

" Fo

" Fond Self-Direction is a Shelf;
" Thy Strength, thy Wiſdom flee:
" When thou art *Nothing* in thy Self,
" Thou then art cloſe to Me."

LXX.

Temptation.

1. YE tempted Souls, reflect
Whoſe Name 'tis you profeſs:
Your Maſter's Lot you muſt expect,
Temptations more or leſs.

2. Dream not of Faith ſo clear,
As ſhuts all Doubtings out:
Remember how the Dev'l could dare
To tempt ev'n Chriſt to doubt.

3. " If thou 'rt the Son of God,
(O, what an IF was there!)
" Theſe Stones here, ſpeak them into Food,
" And make that Sonſhip clear."

4. View that amazing Scene!
Say, could the Tempter try
To ſhake a Tree ſo ſound, ſo green?
Good God, defend the dry.

5. Think not he now will fail
To make us ſhrink and droop.
Our Faith he daily will aſſail;
And daſh our very Hope.

6. That impious IF he thus
At God Incarnate threw,

No Wonder if he caſt at Us,
And make us feel it too.

7. To cauſe Deſpair 's the Scope
Of Satan and his Pow'rs.
Againſt Hope to believe in Hope,
My Brethren, muſt be ours.

8. *Buts*, *Ifs*, and *Hows* are hurl'd,
To ſink us with the Gloom
Of all that's diſmal in this World,
Or in the World to come.

9. But here 's our Point of Reſt:
Tho' hard the Battle ſeem,
Our Captain ſtood the fiery Teſt,
And we ſhall ſtand thro' Him.

LXXI.

The Prodigal.

1. NOW for a wond'rous Song.
(Keep Diſtance, ye profane;
Be ſilent, each unhallow'd Tongue;
Nor turn the Truth to Bane.)

2. The Prodigal 's return'd,
Th' Apoſtate bold and baſe;
That all his Father's Counſels ſpurn'd,
And long abus'd his Grace.

3. What Treatment ſince he came?
Love tenderly expreſt.
What Robe is brought to hide his Shame?
The beſt; the very beſt.

4. Ric

4. Rich Food the Servants bring.
Sweet Muſic charms his Ears.
See what a beauteous coſtly Ring
The Beggar's Finger wears!

5. Ye elder Sons, be ſtill;
Give no bad Paſſion vent:
My Brethren, 'tis our Father's Will,
And you muſt be content.

6. All that he has is Yours:
Rejoice then, not repine.
That Love that all *your* States ſecures,
That Love has alter'd *mine*.

7. Good God, are theſe thy Ways!
If Rebels thus are freed,
And favour'd with peculiar Grace,
Grace muſt be free indeed.

LXXII.

All my Springs are *in thee*. Pſal. lxxxvii. 7.

1. BLESS the Lord, my Soul; and raiſe
A glad and grateful Song
To my dear Redeemer's Praiſe;
For I to Him belong.
He my Goodneſs, Strength, and God,
In whom I live, and move, and am,
Paid my Ranſom with his Blood:
My Portion is the Lamb.

Tho' Temptations ſeldom ceaſe;
Tho' frequent Griefs I feel;
Yet his Spirit whiſpers Peace;
And he is with me ſtill:

Weak of Body, ſick in Soul,
Depreſt at Heart, and faint with Fears,
His dear Preſence makes me whole,
And with ſweet Comfort chears.

3. O my Jeſus, thou art Mine,
With all thy Grace and Pow'r;
I am now, and ſhall be Thine,
When Time ſhall be no more.
Thou reviv'ſt me by thy Death;
Thy Blood from Guilt has ſet me free;
My freſh Springs of Hope, and Faith,
And Love, are all in Thee.

LXXIII.

If there ariſe among you a Prophet, or a Dreamer of Dreams, &c. Deut. xiii. 1, &c.

1. NO Prophet, nor Dreamer of Dreams,
No Maſter of plauſible Speech,
To live like an Angel who ſeems,
Or like an Apoſtle to preach;
No Tempter, without or within,
No Spirit, tho' ever ſo bright,
That comes crying out againſt Sin,
And looks like an Angel of Light;

2. Tho' Reaſon, tho' Fitneſs he urge,
Or plead with the Words of a Friend,
Or Wonders of Argument forge,
Or deep Revelations pretend,
Should meet with a Moment's Regard,
But rather be boldly withſtood,

If any Thing, eaſy or hard,
He teach, ſave the Lamb and his Blood.

3. Remember, O Chriſtian, with Heed,
When ſunk under Sentence of Death,
How firſt thou from Bondage waſt freed:
Say; was it by Works, or by Faith?
On Chriſt thy Affections then fixt,
What conjugal Truth didſt thou vow!
With Him was there any Thing mixt?
Then what wouldſt thou mix with him now?

4. If cloſe to thy Lord thou wouldſt cleave;
Depend on his Promiſe alone.
His Righteouſneſs wouldſt thou receive?
Then learn to renounce all thy own.
The Faith of a Chriſtian indeed
Is more than mere Notion or Whim:
United to Jeſus, his Head,
He draws Life and Virtue from Him.

5. Deceiv'd by the Father of Lies
Blind Guides cry, *Lo here!* and *lo there!*
By theſe our Redeemer us tries;
And warns us of ſuch to beware.
Poor Comfort to Mourners they give,
Who ſet us to labour in vain;
And ſtrive, with a *Do this and live*,
To drive us to *Egypt* again.

6. But what ſays our Shepherd divine?
(For *his* Bleſſed Word we ſhould keep)
"*(a)* This Flock has my Father made mine.
"*(b)* I lay down my Life for my Sheep.
"*(c)* 'Tis

(a) John x. 29. *(b)* Ver. 15.

" (c) 'Tis Life everlasting I give:
" (d) My Blood was the Price that it cost.
" (e) Not one, that on Me shall believe,
" Shall ever be finally lost."

7. This God is the God we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable Friend;
Whose Love is as large as his Pow'r;
And neither knows Measure nor End.
'Tis Jesus, the first and the last;
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home.
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that 's to come.

(c) John x. ver. 28. (d) Ver. 11. (e) Ch. iii. 15, 16

LXXIV.

Believe in the Lord your God; so shall you be established. 2 Chron. xx. 20.

1. LORD, we lie before thy Feet:
Look on all our deep Distress.
Thy rich Mercy may we meet.
Cloath us with thy Righteousness.
Stretch forth thy Almighty Hand;
Hold us up; and we shall stand.

2. Shame, and Fear, and Pain we feel:
Viewing our unstable Hearts;
How we wander, waver, reel,
Only wise by Fits and Starts.
Thou art Truth: But what are We?
Fickle Fools, and false to Thee.

3. Oh, that closer we could cleave
To thy bleeding dying Breast!

Give

Give us firmly to believe,
And to enter into Reſt.
Lord, increaſe, increaſe our Faith:
Make us faithful unto Death.

Make thy mighty Wonders known,
Let us ſee thy Suff'rings plain.
Let us hear thee ſigh and groan,
Till we ſigh and groan again.
Rend, O rend the Veil between;
Open wide the bloody Scene.

Let us, with a ſtedfaſt Faith,
View our dear incarnate God
Shudd'ring in the Arms of Death,
Bow'd beneath our Nature's Load.
Make our Union with thee clear.
Perfect Love; and caſt our Fear.

Let us truſt thee evermore;
Ev'ry Moment on thee call,
For new Life, new Will, new Pow'r;
Let us truſt thee, Lord, for all.
May we nothing know beſide
Jeſus, and him crucified.

LXXV.

Jeſus oft-times reſorted thither, with his Diſciples. John xviii. 2.

JESUS, while he dwelt below,
As divine Hiſtorians ſay,
To a Place would often go;
Near to *Kedron*'s Brook it lay;

In

In this Place he lov'd to be;
And 'twas nam'd *Gethſemane*.

2. 'Twas a Garden, as we read,
At the Foot of *Olivet*,
Low, and proper to be made
The Redeemer's lone Retreat.
When from Noiſe he would be free,
Then he fought *Gethſemane*.

3. Thither, by their Maſter brought,
His Diſciples likewiſe came.
There the heav'nly Truths, he taught,
Often ſet their Hearts on Flame.
Therefore they, as well as He,
Viſited *Gethſemane*.

4. Here they oft converſing ſat;
Or might join with Chriſt in Pray'r.
Oh, what bleſt Devotion 's that,
When the Lord himſelf is there!
All Things to them ſeem'd t' agree
To endear *Gethſemane*.

5. Here no Strangers durſt intrude;
But the Prince of Peace could ſit,
Chear'd with ſacred Solitude,
Wrapt in Contemplation ſweet:
Yet how little could they ſee,
Why he choſe *Gethſemane*.

6. Full of Love to Man's loſt Race
On his Conflict much he thought.
This he knew the deſtin'd Place:
And he lov'd the ſacred Spot.
Therefore 'twas he lik'd to be
Often in *Gethſemane*.

7. They his Foll'wers, with the reſt,
Had incurr'd the Wrath divine:
And their Lord, with Pity preſt,
Long'd to bear their Loads—and Mine.
Love to them, and Love to Me
Made him love *Gethſemane.*

8. Many Woes had he endur'd,
Many ſore Temptations met,
Patient, and to Pains inur'd:
But the ſoreſt Trial yet
Was to be ſuſtain'd in Thee,
Gloomy ſad *Gethſemane.*

9. Came at length the dreadful Night.
Vengeance with it's Iron Rod
Stood, and with collected Might
Bruis'd the harmleſs Lamb of God.
See, my Soul, thy Saviour ſee,
Grov'ling in *Gethſemane!*

10. View him in that *Olive-Preſs,*
Squeez'd and wrung, till whelm'd in Blood!
View thy Maker's deep Diſtreſs!
Hear the Sighs and Groans of God!
Then reflect, what Sin muſt be,
Gazing on *Gethſemane.*

11. Poor Diſciples, tell me now,
Where's the Love ye lately had?
Where's that Faith ye all could vow?—
But this Hour is too too ſad.
'Tis not now for ſuch as Ye
To ſupport *Gethſemane.*

12. Oh, what Wonders Love has done!
But how little underſtood!

God

God well knows, and God alone,
What produc'd that Sweat of Blood.
Who can thy deep Wonders ſee,
Wonderful *Gethſemane?*

13. There my God bore all my Guilt;
This thro' Grace can be believ'd.
But the Horrors, which he felt,
Are too vaſt to be conceiv'd.
None can penetrate thro' Thee,
Doleful, dark *Gethſemane!*

14. Gloomy Garden, on thy Beds,
Waſh'd by *Kedron*'s Waters foul,
Grow moſt rank and bitter Weeds:
Think on theſe, my ſinful Soul.
Wouldſt thou Sin's Dominion flee?
Call to mind *Gethſemane.*

15. Sinners, vile like me, and loſt,
(If there 's one ſo vile as I)
Leave more righteous Souls to boaſt;
Leave them; and to *Refuge* fly.
We may well bleſs that Decree,
Which ordain'd *Gethſemane.*

16. We can hope no healing Hand,
Leprous quite throughout with Sin.
Loath'd Incurables we ſtand,
Crying out, *Unclean, Unclean.*
Help there 's none for ſuch as We,
But in dear *Gethſemane.*

17. *Eden*, from each flow'ry Bed,
Did for Man ſhort Sweetneſs breathe.
Soon, by *Satan*'s Counſel led,
Man wrought Sin, and Sin wroug
Death.

But of Life the healing Tree
Grows in rich *Gethſemane.*

18. Hither, Lord, thou didſt reſort
Oft-times with thy little Train.
Here wouldſt keep thy private Court:
Oh! confer that Grace again.
Lord, reſort with worthleſs Me
Oft-times to *Gethſemane.*

19. True; I can't deſerve to ſhare
In a Favour ſo divine.
But, ſince Sin firſt fix'd thee there,
None have greater Sins than mine:
And to this my woeful Plea
Witneſs thou, *Gethſemane.*

20. Sins againſt a holy God;
Sins againſt his righteous Laws;
Sins againſt his Love, his Blood;
Sins againſt his Name and Cauſe;
Sins immenſe as is the Sea—
Hide me, O *Gethſemane!*

21. Here 's my Claim, and here alone;
None a Saviour more can need.
Deeds of Righteouſneſs I've none:
No, not one good Work to plead.
Not a Glimpſe of Hope for Me;
Only in *Gethſemane.*

22. Saviour, all the Stone remove
From my flinty frozen Heart.
Thaw it with the Beams of Love:
Pierce it with a Blood-dipt Dart.
Wound the Heart, that wounded Thee;
Melt it in *Gethſemane.*

23. Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One Almighty God of Love,
Hymn'd by all the heav'nly Hoſt,
In thy ſhining Courts above,
We poor Sinners, gracious THREE,
Bleſs *thee* for *Gethſemane*.

LXXVI.

The ineſtimable Benefits of Chriſt's Death, inferred from the Excellency of his Perſon.

PART I.

1. THE Things on Earth which Men eſteem
And of their Richneſs boaſt,
In Value, leſs or greater ſeem,
Proportion'd to their Coſt.

2. The Diamond that 's for Thouſands ſold
Our Admiration draws.
For Duſt, Men ſeldom part with Gold;
Or barter Pearls for Straws.

3. Then what ineſtimable Worth
Muſt in thoſe Crowns appear,
For which the Lord came down to Earth
And bought for Us ſo dear?

4. The Father dearly loves the Son,
And rates his Merits high.
For no mean Cauſe he ſent him down
To ſuffer, grieve, and die.

5. The Bleſſings, from his Death that flow
So little we eſteem,
Only becauſe we ſlightly know,
And meanly value Him.

6. 'T

6. 'Twas our Creator for us bled,
The Lord of Life and Pow'r;
Whom Angels worſhip, Devils dread,
God bleſt for evermore.

7. Oh! could we but with clearer Eyes
His Excellencies trace;
Could we his Perſon learn to prize,
We more ſhould prize his Grace.

PART II.

1. AND did the darling Son of God
For Sinners deign to bleed?
The Purchaſe of that precious Blood
Muſt needs be rich indeed.

2. God's Wiſdom would not pay for Toys
So great a Price as this.
'Tis God-like Glory, boundleſs Joys,
'Tis unexampled Bliſs.

3. Saints, raiſe your Expectations high;
Hope all that Heav'n has good.
Think what the Blood of Chriſt can buy;
Invaluable Blood!

4. Eye hath not ſeen, nor Ear hath heard,
Nor can the Heart conceive,
What Bleſſings are for them prepar'd,
Who in the Lord believe.

5. By Others, for their Virtue fair,
Let rich Rewards be ſought:
Give *Me*, my God, to freely ſhare,
What thou haſt dearly bought.

LXXVII.

Who of God is made unto us Wiſdom, and Righteouſneſs, and Sanctification, and Redemption. 1 Cor. 1. 30.

1. BElievers own they are but blind;
They know themſelves unwiſe:
But *Wiſdom* in the Lord they find;
Who opens all their Eyes.

2. Unrighteous are they all, when tried:
But God himſelf declares,
In Jeſus they are juſtified;
His Righteouſneſs is Theirs.

3. That we 're unholy needs no Proof;
We ſorely feel the Fall:
But Chriſt has Holineſs enough
To *ſanctify* us all.

4. Expos'd by Sin to God's juſt Wrath,
We look to Chriſt, and view
Redemption in his Blood, by Faith;
And *full* Redemption too.

5. Some this, Some that good Virtue teach
To rectify the Soul:
But we firſt after Jeſus reach,
And richly graſp the Whole.

6. To Jeſus join'd we all that 's good
From Him our Head derive;
We eat his Fleſh, and drink his Blood;
And *by*, and *in* him live.

LXXVIII.

And the Lord ſhut him in. Gen. vii. 16.

1. WHEN *Noah*, with his favour'd Few,
Was order'd to embark;
Eight human Souls, a little Crew,
Enter'd on board his Ark.

2. Tho' ev'ry Part he might ſecure,
With Bar, or Bolt, or Pin;
To make the Preſervation ſure,
Jehovah ſhut him in.

3. The Waters then might ſwell their Tides,
The Billows rage and roar;
They could not ſtave th' aſſaulted Sides,
Nor burſt the batter'd Door.

4. So Souls, that into Chriſt believe,
Quicken'd by vital Faith,
Eternal Life at once receive,
And never ſhall ſee Death.

5. In his own Heart the Chriſtian puts
No Truſt; but builds his Hopes
On Him that opes, and no Man ſhuts;
And ſhuts, and no Man opes.

6. In Chriſt his Ark he ſafely rides,
Not wreck'd by Death nor Sin.
How is it he ſo faſt abides?
The Lord has ſhut him in.

LXXIX.

Difference and Degrees of Faith.

1. HE that *believeth* Chriſt, the Lord,
Who ſhed for Man his Blood,
By giving Credence to his Word
Exalts the Truth of God.
So far he 's right: but let him know,
Farther than this he yet muſt go.

2. He that believes *on* Jeſus Chriſt,
Has a much better Faith;
His Prophet now becomes his Prieſt,
And ſaves him by his Death.
By Chriſt he finds his Sins forgiv'n;
And Chriſt has made him Heir of Heav'n.

3. But he that *into* Chriſt believes,
What a rich Faith has He!
In Chriſt he moves, and acts, and lives,
From Self and Bondage free.
He hath the Father and the Son;
For Chriſt and He are now but one.

4. Till we attain to this rich Faith,
Tho' ſafe, we are not ſound.
Tho' we are ſav'd from Guilt and Wrath,
Perfection is not found.
Lord, make our Union cloſer yet;
And let the Marriage be complete.

LXXX.

Thou haſt guided them in thy Strength unto thy holy Habitation. Exod. xv. 13.

Miſtaken Men may bawl
Againſt the Grace of God;
And threat with final Fall
The Purchaſe of his Blood;
ut tho' they own the Saviour's Name,
rom Him ſuch Goſpel never came.

Shall Babes in Chriſt, bereft
Of God's rich Gift of Faith,
Be to their own Will left;
And ſin the Sin to Death?
all any Child of God be loſt;
nd *Satan* cheat the Holy Ghoſt?

Dark Unbelief and Pride,
With *Phariſaic* Zeal,
We lay you all aſide;
And truſt a ſurer Seal.
e reſt our Souls on Jeſu's Word,
nd give the Glory to the Lord.

Led forth by God's free Grace,
And guided in his Pow'r,
We reach his holy Place,
And live for evermore.
was *this* Place *Moſes* had in View:
this he ſang; and we ſing too.

LXXXI.

The young Lions do lack, and ſuffer Hunger: but they that ſeek the Lord ſhall not want any good Thing. Pſalm xxxiv. 10.

1. YE Lambs of Chriſt's Fold,
Ye Weaklings in Faith,
Who long to lay hold
On Life by his Death;
Who fain would believe him,
And in your beſt Room
Would gladly receive him,
But fear to preſume;

2. Remember one Thing:
(Oh! may it ſink deep)
Our Shepherd and King
Cares much for his Sheep.
To truſt him endeavour;
The Work is his own:
He makes the Believer,
And gives him his Crown.

3. Thoſe feeble Deſires,
Thoſe Wiſhes ſo weak,
'Tis Jeſus inſpires,
And bids you ſtill ſeek.
His Spirit will cheriſh
The Life he firſt gave:
You never ſhall periſh,
If Jeſus can ſave.

4. Proud Lions, that boaſt
When luſty and young,

Soon find, to their Coſt,
Self-Confidence wrong:
Tormented with Hunger
They feel their Strength vain;
For Famine is ſtronger,
And gnaws them with Pain.

5. But Lambs are preſerv'd,
Tho' helpleſs in Kind;
When Lions are ſtarv'd,
They Nouriſhment find.
Their Shepherd upholds them,
When faint, in his Arms;
And feeds them, and folds them;
And guards them from Harms.

6. Tho' ſometimes, we ſee,
The Caſe is not thus;
Bad Shepherds will flee:
Yet what 's that to Us?
The Shepherd that choſe us
Muſt ſurely be good;
Who rather, than loſe us,
Would ſhed his Heart's Blood.

7. Bleſt Soul, that canſt ſay,
"Chriſt only I ſeek;"
Wait for him alway;
Be conſtant, tho' weak.
The Lord, whom thou ſeekeſt,
Will not tarry long.
And to him the Weakeſt
Is dear as the Strong.

LXXXII.

He hath covered me with the Robe of Righteouſneſs. Iſa. lxi. 10.

1. OF all the Creatures God has made
There is but Man alone,
That ſtands in Need to be array'd
In Cov'rings not his own.

2. By Nature, Bears, and Bulls, and Swine,
With Fowls of ev'ry Wing,
Are much more warm, more ſafe, more fine
Than Man their fallen King.

3. Naked and weak We want a Skreen:
But when with Cloaths we 're deckt,
Not only lies our Shame unſeen,
But we command Reſpect.

4. Can ſinful Souls then ſtand unclad
Before God's burning Throne,
All bare; or (what is quite as bad)
In Cov'rings of their own?

5. Rich Garments muſt be worn to grace
The Marriage of the Lamb;
Not naſty Rags to ſtink the Place,
Nor Nakedneſs to ſhame.

6. Robes of imputed Righteouſneſs
Will gain us God's Eſteem;
No naked Pride, no Fig-leaf Dreſs,
How fair ſoe'er it ſeem.

7. 'Tis call'd a *Robe*, perhaps to mean
Man has by Nature none:

It

It grows not native, like our Skin,
But is by Faith *put on.*

8. A Sinner cloath'd in this rich Veſt,
And Garments waſh'd in Blood,
Is rend'red fit with Chriſt to feaſt,
And be the Gueſt of God.

LXXXIII.

Free-Grace.

1. YE Children of God,
By Faith in his Son,
Redeem'd by his Blood,
And with him made one,
This Union with Wonder
And Rapture be ſeen;
Which nothing ſhall ſunder,
Without or within.

2. This Pardon, this Peace
Which none can deſtroy,
This Treaſure of Grace,
This heavenly Joy,
The Worthleſs may crave it,
It always comes free;
The vileſt may have it,
'Twas given to *Me.*

3. 'Tis not for good Deeds,
Good Tempers, nor Frames;
From Grace it proceeds,
And all is the Lamb's.
No Goodneſs, no Fitneſs
Expects he from Us:

This I can well witneſs;
For none could be woſe.

4. Sick Sinner, expect
No Balm but Chriſt's Blood:
Thy own Works reject,
The Bad, and the Good.
None ever miſcarry
That on him rely,
Tho' filthy as *Mary* *,
Manaſſeh, or *I*.

* *Mary Magdalene.*

LXXXIV.

God's various Dealings with his Children.

1. HOW hard and rugged is the Way
To ſome poor Pilgrims Feet!
In all they do, or think, or ſay,
They Oppoſition meet.

2. Others again more ſmoothly go
Secur'd from Hurts and Harms;
Their Saviour leads them gently thro',
Or bears them in his Arms.

3. *Faith* and *Repentance* all muſt find:
But yet, we daily ſee,
They differ in their Time, and Kind,
Duration, and Degree.

4. Some long repent, and late believe;
But when their Sin 's forgiv'n,

A cle

A clearer Paſſport they receive,
And walk with Joy to Heav'n.

5. Their Pardon ſome receive at firſt;
And then, compell'd to fight,
They feel their latter Stages worſt;
And travel much by Night.

6. But be our Conflicts ſhort or long;
This commonly is true,
That whereſoever *Faith* is ſtrong,
Repentance is ſo too.

LXXXV.

Dependence on Chriſt alone.

1. IF ever it could come to paſs,
That Sheep of Chriſt might fall away;
My fickle feeble Soul, alas!
Would fall a thouſand Times a Day.
Were not thy Love as firm as free,
Thou ſoon wouldſt take it, Lord, from Me.

2. I on thy Promiſes depend,
(At leaſt, I to depend deſire)
That thou wilt love me to the End;
Be with me in Temptation's Fire;
Wilt *for* me work, and *in* me too;
And guide me right, and bring me through.

3. No other Stay have I beſide;
If theſe can alter, I muſt fall.
I look to Thee, to be ſupply'd
With Life, with Will, with Pow'r, with All.

Rich Souls may glory in their Store;
But Jeſus will relieve the Poor.

LXXXVI.

In that Day there ſhall be a Fountain opened to the Houſe of David, and to the Inhabitants of Jeruſalem, for Sin, and for Uncleanneſs. Zech. xiii. 1.

1. THE Fountain of Chriſt
Aſſiſt me to ſing,
The Blood of our Prieſt,
Our crucify'd King;
Which perfectly cleanſes
From Sin, and from Filth;
And richly diſpenſes
Salvation and Health.

2. This Fountain ſo dear
He 'll freely impart;
Unlock'd by the Spear,
It guſh'd from his Heart,
With Blood, and with Water,
The firſt to atone,
To cleanſe us the latter;
The Fountain 's but One.

3. This Fountain is ſuch
(As Thouſands can tell)
The Moment we touch
It's Streams, we are well.
All Waters beſide them
Are full of the Curſe;
For all that have try'd them
Swell, rot, and grow worſe.

4. Thi

4. This Fountain, ſick Soul,
Recovers thee quite;
Bathe here, and be whole;
Waſh here, and be white:
Whatever Diſeaſes
Or Dangers befal,
The Fountain of Jeſus
Will rid thee of all.

5. This Fountain from Guilt
Not only makes pure,
And gives, ſoon as felt,
Infallible Cure;
But if Guilt removed
Return, and remain,
Its Pow'r may be proved
Again, and again.

6. This Fountain unſeal'd
Stands open for all,
That long to be heal'd,
The Great and the Small;
Here 's Strength for the Weakly,
That hither are led;
Here 's Health for the Sickly;
Here 's Life for the Dead.

7. This Fountain, tho' rich,
From Charge is quite clear;
The poorer the Wretch
The welcomer here.
Come needy, come guilty,
Come loathſome and bare;
You can't come too filthy—
Come juſt as you are.

8. This Fountain in vain
Has never been try'd;
It takes out all Stain
Whenever apply'd:
The Water flows ſweetly
With Virtue divine,
To cleanſe Souls completely,
Tho' leprous as mine.

LXXXVII.

Chriſt the Chriſtian's only Help.

1. GRacious God, thy Children keep.
Jeſus, guide thy ſilly Sheep.
Fix, oh! fix our fickle Souls.
Lord, direct us; we are Fools.

2. Bid us in thy Care confide.
Keep us near thy wounded Side.
From thee let us never ſtir;
For thou know'ſt how ſoon we err.

3. Lay us low before thy Feet,
Safe from Pride and Self-Conceit.
Be the Language of our Souls;
"Lord, protect us; we are Fools."

4. We are Fools; but Thou art wiſe.
Son of David, ope our Eyes.
Hold thy Lambs ſecure from Harms
In thy everlaſting Arms.

5. Oh! defend thy purchas'd Flock.
See th' inſulting *Iſhmaels* mock.
Guard us from a World of Sin;
Foes without, and worſe within;

6. Dang'rous Doctrines from without,
Lies, and Errors, round about;
From within a treach'rous Heart,
Prone to take the Tempter's Part.

7. Look upon th' unequal War;
Saviour, do not go too far.
Crafty is the Foe, and ſtrong;
Saviour, do not tarry long.

8. By thy Word we fain would ſteer;
Fain thy Spirit's Dictates hear.
Save us from the Rocks and Shelves:
Save us chiefly from Ourſelves.

9. Never, never, may we dare
What we 're not to ſay we are.
Make us well our Vileneſs know:
Keep us very, very low.

10. May we all our Wills reſign,
Quite abſorpt and loſt in thine.
Let us walk by thy right Rules.
Lord, inſtruct us; we are Fools.

LXXXVIII.

Saving Faith.

1. THE Sinner that truly believes,
And truſts in his crucified God,
His Juſtification receives,
Redemption in full thro' his Blood:
Tho' Thouſands and Thouſands of Foes
Againſt him in Malice unite,
Their Rage he thro' Chriſt can oppoſe,
Led forth by the Spirit to fight.

2. Not all the Deluſions of Sin
Shall ever ſeduce him to Death:
He now has the Witneſs within,
United to Jeſus by Faith.
This Faith ſhall eternally fail
When Jeſus ſhall fall from his Throne:
For Hell againſt *Both* muſt prevail;
Since Jeſus and He are but *One*.

3. The Faith that unites to the Lamb,
And brings ſuch Salvation as this,
Is more than mere Notion or Name;
The Work of God's Spirit it is;
A Principle active and young,
That lives under Preſſure and Load;
That makes out of Weakneſs more ſtrong;
And draws the Soul upward to God.

4. It treads on the World, and on Hell.
It vanquiſhes Death and Deſpair:
And (what ſtill is ſtranger to tell)
It overcomes Heaven by Pray'r;
Permits a vile Worm of the Duſt
With God to commune as a Friend;
To hope his Forgiveneſs as juſt;
And look for his Love to the End.

5. It ſays to the Mountains, Depart,
That ſtand betwixt God and the Soul.
It binds up the broken in Heart,
And makes their ſore Conſciences whole;
Bids Sins of a crimſon-like Dye
Be ſpotleſs as Snow, and as white;
And makes ſuch a Sinner as I
As pure as an Angel of Light.

LXXXIX.

These are they which came out of great Tribulation; and have washed their Robes, and made them white, in the Blood of the Lamb. Rev. vii. 14.

1. BRethren, those who come to Bliss,
Come thro' sore Temptations.
Let us all, rememb'ring this,
Pray for Faith and Patience.

2. See the suff'ring Church of Christ,
Gather'd from all Quarters:
All contain'd in that red List,
Were not murder'd Martyrs.

3. Saints who feel the Load of Sin,
Yet come off victorious,
Suffer Martyrdom within;
Tho' it seems less glorious.

4. Th' Holy Ghost will make the Soul
Feel it's sad Condition;
For the Sick, and not the Whole,
Need the good Physician.

5. Of that mighty Multitude,
Who of Life were Winners,
This we safely may conclude,
All were wretched Sinners.

6. All were loathsome in God's Sight,
Till the Blood of Jesus
Wash'd their Robes, and made them white:
Now they sing his Praises.

7. Ev'ry

7. Ev'ry Kindred, Tongue, and Tribe,
From their Tribulation
Stand; and to the Lamb aſcribe
All their free Salvation.

8. Let Us likewiſe laud the Lamb:
And in all Affliction,
Count our Caſe with theirs the ſame,
Without Contradiction.

XC.

For the Kingdom of God is *not in Word, but in Power.* 1 Cor. iv. 20.

1. A Form of Words, tho' e'er ſo ſound,
Can never ſave a Soul.
The Holy Ghoſt muſt give the Wound:
And make the Wounded whole.

2. Tho' God's *Election* is a Truth,
Small Comfort there I ſee,
Till I am told by God's own Mouth,
That he has choſen *Me.*

3. Sinners, I read, are juſtified
By Faith in Jeſu's Blood:
But, when to *Me* that Blood 's applied,
'Tis then it does me Good.

4. To Perſeverance I agree:
The Thing to me is clear;
Becauſe the Lord has promis'd *Me,*
That I ſhall perſevere.

5. Imputed Righteouſneſs I own
A Doctrine moſt divine;

For

For Jeſus to my Heart makes known
That all his Merit's *Mine.*

6. That Chriſt is God, I can avouch,
And for his People cares;
Since I have pray'd to him as ſuch,
And he has heard my Pray'rs.

7. That Sinners black as Hell, by Chriſt
Are ſav'd, I know full well:
For I his Mercy have not miſs'd;
And I am black as Hell.

8. Thus Chriſtians glorify the Lord.
His Spirit joins with ours,
In bearing Witneſs to his Word,
With all it's ſaving Pow'rs.

XCI.

Bleſſed are they that mourn; For they ſhall be comforted. Mat. v. 4.

1. CHRIST is the Friend of Sinners:
Be that forgotten never.
A wounded Soul,
And not a whole,
Becomes a true Believer.
To ſee Sin, ſmarts but ſlightly;
To own with Lip-confeſſion,
Is eaſi'r ſtill;
But oh! to feel,
Cuts deep beyond Expreſſion.

2. Truſt not to joyous Fancies,
Light Hearts, or ſmooth Behaviour.

Sin-

Sinners can ſay:
(And none but they)
"How precious is the Saviour!"
Then hail, ye happy Mourners.
How bleſt your State to come is!
Ye ſoon will meet
With Comfort ſweet;
It is the Lord's own Promiſe.

3. The contrite Heart and broken
God will not give to Ruin.
This Sacrifice
He'll not deſpiſe;
For 'tis his Spirit's Doing.
Then hail, ye happy Mourners:
Who paſs thro' Tribulation.
Sin's Filth and Guilt,
Perceiv'd and felt,
Make known God's great Salvation.

4. Dry Doctrine cannot ſave us,
Blind Zeal, or falſe Devotion.
The feebleſt Pray'r,
If Faith be there,
Exceeds all empty Notion.
Then hail, ye happy Mourners;
Ye will at laſt be Winners.
By Jeſu's Blood,
The righteous God
Is reconcil'd to Sinners.

XCII.

The Spirit that dwelleth in us lusteth to Envy.
Jam. iv. 5.

WHAT Tongue can fully tell
That Christian's grievous Load,
Who would do all Things well,
And walk the Ways of God;
But feels within
Foul Envy lurk,
And lust, and work,
Engend'ring Sin?

Poor, wretched, worthless Worm!
In what sad Plight I stand!
When Good I would perform,
Then Evil is at Hand.
My leprous Soul
Is all unclean,
My Heart obscene,
My Nature foul.

To trust to Christ alone,
By thousand Dangers scar'd,
And Righteousness have none,
Is something very hard.
What'er Men say,
The Needy know
It must be so;
It is the Way.

Thou All-sufficient Lamb,
God blest for evermore,
We glory in thy Name;
For thine is all the Pow'r.

Stretch

Stretch forth thy Hand,
And hold us faſt;
Our Firſt and Laſt,
In Thee we ſtand.

XCIII.

I will bear the Indignation of the Lord, becau have ſinned againſt him. Mic. vii. 9.

1. COME, ye backſliding Sons of God
(For many ſuch there are)
Who long the Paths of Sin have trod,
Come, caſt away Deſpair.
Return to Jeſus Chriſt; and ſee,
There 's Mercy ſtill for ſuch as We.

2. True, we cannot pretend to much
Of Uſefulneſs or Fruit:
But yet, the Love of Chriſt is ſuch,
We ſtill retain the Root.
Returning Prodigals ſhall find,
Tho' They are baſe, their Father 's ki

3. They who have never gone aſtray,
Since firſt the Lord they knew,
Walk in a much more pleaſant Way;
While we our Folly rue:
But tho' we ſeem to differ thus,
They can't be perfect without Us.

4. The Indignation of the Lord
Awhile we will endure;
For we have ſinn'd againſt his Word:
But ſtill his Grace is ſure.

'Tis all a Gift; let no Man boaſt:
For Jeſus came to ſave the *Loſt*.

XCIV.

I *am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life.*
John xiv. 6.

1. I am, ſaith Chriſt, *the Way.*
Now, if we credit *Him*,
All other Paths muſt lead aſtray,
How fair ſoe'er they ſeem.

2. I am, ſaith Chriſt, *the Truth.*
Then all that lacks this Teſt,
Proceed it from an Angel's Mouth,
Is but a Lie at beſt.

3. I am, ſaith Chriſt, *the Life.*
Let this be ſeen by Faith,
It follows, without further Strife,
That all beſides is Death.

4. If what thoſe Words aver,
The Holy Ghoſt apply;
The ſimpleſt Chriſtian ſhall not *err*,
Nor be *deceiv'd*, nor *die*.

XCV.

Love not the World. 1 John ii. 15.

1. MY Brethren, why theſe anxious Fears,
Theſe warm Purſuits, and eager Cares,
For Earth, and all its gilded Toys?
If the whole World you could poſſeſs,

Stretch forth thy Hand,
And hold us faſt;
Our Firſt and Laſt,
In Thee we ſtand.

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Nor be *deceiv'd*, nor *die*.

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1. MY Brethren, why theſe anxious Fears,
Theſe warm Purſuits, and eager Cares,
For Earth, and all its gilded Toys?
If the whole World you could poſſeſs,

It might enchant; it could not bleſs:
False Hopes, vain Pleaſures, and light Joys!

2. Remember, Brethren, whoſe you are;
Whoſe Cauſe you own; whoſe Name you bear.
Is it not *His*, who could not call
His own (tho' he had all Things made)
A Place, whereon to lay his Head?
A Servant, tho' the Lord of All?

3. If Wealth, or Honour, Pow'r, or Fame,
Can bring you nearer to the Lamb,
Then follow theſe with all your Might:
But if they only make you ſtray,
And draw your Hearts from Him away;
Reflect, in what you thus delight.

4. Jeſus hath ſaid, (who ſurely knew
Much better what we ought to do,
Than we can e'er pretend to ſee)
"No Thought ev'n for the Morrow take."
And, "He that will not, for my Sake,
Relinquiſh All 's unworthy Me."

5. Let no vain Words your Souls deceive;
Nor Satan tempt you to believe
The World and God can hold their Parts.
True Chriſtians long for Chriſt alone.
The Sacrifices God will own,
Are *broken*, not *divided*, Hearts.

6. Great Things we are not here to crave;
But, if we Food and Raiment have,
Should learn to be therewith content.
Into the World we nothing brought;

Nor can we from it carry ought:
Then walk the Way your Maſter went.

XCVI.

For a public Faſt.

1. LORD, look on all aſſembled here;
Who in thy Preſence ſtand,
To offer up united Pray'r
For this our ſinful Land.

2. Oft have we, each in private, pray'd
Our Country might find Grace.
Now hear the ſame Petitions made
In this appointed Place.

3. Or, if amongſt us Some be met,
So careleſs of their Sin,
They have not cried for Mercy yet;
Lord, let them now begin.

4. Thou, by whoſe Death poor Sinners live,
By whom their Pray'rs ſucceed,
Thy Spir't of Supplication give,
And we ſhall pray indeed.

5. We will not ſlack; nor give thee Reſt;
But importune thee ſo,
That, till we ſhall be by thee bleſt,
We will not let thee go.

6. Great God of Hoſts, Deliv'rance bring.
Guide thoſe that hold the Helm;
Support the State; preſerve the King;
And ſpare the guilty Realm.

7. Or ſhould the dread Decree be paſt,
And we muſt feel thy Rod;
May Faith and Patience hold us faſt
To our correcting God.

8. Whatever be our deſtin'd Caſe,
Accept us in thy Son.
Give us his Goſpel, and his Grace:
And then thy Will be done.

XCVII.

For he hath made him to be *Sin for us, who knew no Sin; that we might be made the Righteouſneſs of God in him.* 2 Cor. v. 21.

1. WHEN I, by Faith, my Maker ſee
In Weakneſs and Diſtreſs,
Brought down to that ſad State for Me,
Which Angels can't expreſs;

2. When that great God, to whom I go
For Help, amaz'd, I view
By Sin and Sorrow ſunk as low
As I—And lower too;

3. (For all our Sins we *his* may call,
As he ſuſtain'd their Weight.
How huge the heavy Load of all;
When only mine's ſo great!)

4. Then, raviſh'd with the rich Belief
Of ſuch a Love as this,
I'm loſt in Wonder, melt with Grief,
And faint beneath the Bliſs.

5. Proſtrate I fall, aſham'd of Doubt;
And worſhip Love divine.
Thus may I always be devout;
Be this Religion mine.

6. In this alone I can confide:
Here 's Righteouſneſs enough.
What 's all the Boaſt of Nature's Pride!
What unſubſtantial Stuff!

7. Rounds of dead Service, Forms, and Ways,
Which Some ſo much eſteem,
Compar'd with this ſtupendous Grace
What *trivial** Traſh they ſeem!

8. Lord, help a worthleſs Worm, ſo weak
He can do nothing good.
May all I act, or think, or ſpeak,
Be ſprinkled with thy Blood.

* *Mean* or *Common.*

XCVIII.

For the Law was given by Moſes; but Grace and Truth came by Jeſus Chriſt. John i. 17.

1. IS then the Law of God untrue,
Which he by *Moſes* gave?
No: But to take it in this View,
That it has Pow'r to ſave.

2. Legal Obedience were complete,
Could we the Law fulfil:
But no Man ever did ſo yet;
And no Man ever will.

3. The Law was never meant to give
New Strength to Man's loſt Race.
We cannot act, before we live;
And Life proceeds from Grace.

4. But Grace and Truth by Chriſt are giv'n,
To Him muſt *Moſes* bow.
Grace fits the new-born Soul for Heav'n,
And Truth informs us how.

5. By Chriſt we enter into Reſt;
And triumph o'er the Fall.
Whoe'er would be completely bleſt,
Muſt truſt to Chriſt for all.

XCIX.

Let God be true, but every Man a Liar.
Rom. iii. 4.

1. THE God I truſt,
Is true and juſt;
His Mercy hath no End.
Himſelf hath ſaid,
My Ranſom 's paid:
And I on him depend.

2. Then why ſo ſad,
My Soul? Tho' bad,
Thou haſt a Friend that 's good.
He bought thee dear:
(Abandon Fear)
He bought thee with his Blood.

3. So rich a Coſt
Can ne'er be loſt

Tho' Faith be tri'd by Fire.
Keep Chriſt in View:
Let God be true,
And ev'ry Man a Li'r.

C.

Come and welcome to Jeſus Chriſt.

1. COME, ye Sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, ſick and ſore.
Jeſus ready ſtands to ſave you,
Full of Pity join'd with Pow'r.
He is able, he is able, he is able;
He is willing: doubt no more.

2. Ho! ye needy; come, and welcome;
God's free Bounty glorify.
True Belief, and true Repentance,
Ev'ry Grace that brings us nigh,
Without Money, without Money, without Money,
Come to Jeſus Chriſt, and buy.

3. Let not Conſcience make you linger;
Nor of Fitneſs fondly dream.
All the Fitneſs he requireth
Is, to feel your Need of Him:
This he gives you, this he gives you, this he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's riſing Beam.

4. Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruis'd and mangled by the Fall;
If you tarry, till you 're better,
You will never come at all.

Not

Not the Righteous, not the Righteous, not
the Righteous;
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5. View him grov'ling in the Garden;
Lo! your Maker proſtrate lies.
On the bloody Tree behold him:
Hear him cry, before he dies;
It is finiſh'd; it is finiſh'd; it is finiſh'd.
Sinner, will not this ſuffice?

6. Lo! th' incarnate God, aſcended,
Pleads the Merit of his Blood.
Venture on him, venture wholly;
Let no other Truſt intrude.
None but Jeſus, none but Jeſus, none but
Jeſus,
Can do helpleſs Sinners good.

7. Saints and Angels, join'd in Concert,
Sing the Praiſes of the Lamb;
While the bliſsful Seats of Heaven
Sweetly echo with his Name.
Hellelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Sinners here may ſing the ſame.

CI.

And the Lord went his Way, as ſoon as he had left communing with Abraham: and Abraham returned unto his Place. Gen. xviii. 33.

1. WHEN Jeſus with his mighty Love
Viſits my troubled Breaſt,
My Doubts ſubſide, my Fears remove;
And I 'm completely bleſt.

2. I

2. I love the Lord with Mind and Heart,
His People and his Ways;
Envy, and Pride, and Luſt depart;
And all his Works I praiſe:

3. Nothing but Jeſus I eſteem;
My Soul is then ſincere;
And ev'ry Thing that 's dear to Him,
To Me is alſo dear.

4. But ah! when theſe ſhort Viſits end,
Tho' not quite left alone,
I miſs the Preſence of my Friend,
Like one whoſe Comfort 's gone.

5. I to my own ſad Place return,
My wretched State to feel.
I tire, and faint, and mope, and mourn;
And am but barren ſtill.

6. More frequent let thy Viſits be,
Or let them longer laſt;
I can do nothing without Thee;
Make Haſte, my God, make Haſte.

CII.

Son, be of good Chear; thy Sins be forgiven thee.
Mat. ix. 2.

HOW high a Priv'lege 'tis to know
Our Sins are all forgiv'n!
To bear about this Pledge below,
This ſpecial Grant of Heav'n!

2. To look on this, when ſunk in Fears;
While each repeated Sight
Like ſome reviving Cordial chears,
And makes Temptations light!

3. Oh!

3. Oh! what is Honour, Wealth, or Mirth,
To this well-grounded Peace!
How poor are all the Goods of Earth,
To such a Gift as this!

4. This is a Treasure rich indeed,
Which none but Christ can give.
Of this the best of Men have need:
This I, the worst, receive.

CIII.

Another.

1. BLessed are they, whose Guilt is gone;
Whose Sins are wash'd away with Blood;
Whose Hope is fixt on Christ alone;
Whom Christ hath reconcil'd to God.

2 Blest is the Man, to whom the Lord
Iniquity will not impute;
Who, vent'ring on his Saviour's Word,
Of Faith enjoys the peaceful Fruit.

3. Tho', trav'ling thro' this Vale of Tears,
He many a sore Temptation meet;
The Holy Ghost this Witness bears,
He stands in Jesus still complete.

4. This Pearl of Price no Works can claim.
He that finds this, is rich indeed.
This pure white Stone contains a Name,
Which none, but who receives, can read.

5. This precious Gift, this Bond of Love,
The Lord oft gives his People here.
But what we all shall be above,
Doth not, my Brethren, yet appear.

6. Yet

6. Yet this we ſafely may believe;
'Tis what no Words will e'er expreſs;
What Saints themſelves cannot conceive,
And brighteſt Angels can but gueſs.

CIV.

Is not this a Brand pluckt out of the Fire?
Zech. iii. 2.

1. THUS ſaith the Lord to thoſe that ſtand,
And wait to hear his great Command;
I have a Sinner to renew;
And lo! this Charge I give to You.

2. Pull his polluted Garments off.
Here, Soul, here's Raiment rich enough.
Cloath thee with Righteouſneſs divine,
Not Creature's Righteouſneſs, but Mine.

3. Satan, avaunt; ſtand off, ye Foes:
In vain ye rail, in vain oppoſe;
Your cancell'd Claim no more obtrude;
He's mine: I bought him with my Blood.

4. Sinner, thou ſtand'ſt in me complete:
Tho' they accuſe thee, I acquit.
I bore for thee th' avenging Ire;
And pluck'd thee burning from the Fire.

CV.

Condeſcend to Men of low Eſtate. Rom. xii. 16.

1. TO you who ſtand in Chriſt ſo faſt,
Ye know your Faith ſhall ever laſt,
The

The Lord, on whom that Faith depends,
This kind important Meſſage ſends.

2. If light exulting Thoughts ariſe,
Your weaker Brethren to deſpiſe;
Remember, all to Me are dear:
Who moſt is favor'd, moſt ſhould bear.

3. If ſtrong thyſelf, ſupport the Weak;
If well, be tender to the Sick:
To Babes I oft reveal my Mind;
And they who ſeek my Face ſhall find.

4. If Faith be ſtrong, as well as true,
Then ſtrive that Love may be ſo too.
Boaſt not; but meek and lowly be:
The humbleſt Soul is moſt like Me.

5. Should I, diſpleas'd, my Face but turn,
Ye ſadly would your Folly mourn;
Who now ſeem beſt, would ſoon be worſt:
I often make the Laſt the Firſt.

6. Encourage Souls that on me wait;
And ſtoop to thoſe of low Eſtate.
Contempt, or Slight, I can't approve:
Be Love your Aim; for I am Love.

CVI.

O wretched Man that I am! Who ſhall deliver me from the Body of this Death? Rom. vii. 24.

1. HOW ſore a Plague is Sin,
To thoſe by whom 'tis felt!
The Chriſtian cries; *Unclean, unclean,*
Ev'n tho' releas'd from Guilt.

2.

2. O wretched, wretched Man!
What horrid Scenes I view!
I find, alas! do all I can,
That I can nothing do.

3. When Good I would perform,
Thro' Fear or Shame I ſtop:
Corruption riſes, like a Storm,
And blaſts the promis'd Crop.

4. Of Peace if I 'm in Queſt,
Or Love my Thoughts engage,
Envy and Anger in my Breaſt
That Moment riſe, and rage.

5. When for an humbled Mind
To God I pour my Pray'r,
I look into my Heart, and find
That Pride will ſtill be there.

6. How long, dear Lord, how long
Deliv'rance muſt I ſeek;
And fight with Foes ſo very ſtrong,
Myſelf ſo very weak?

7. I'll bear th' unequal Strife,
And wage the War within;
Since Death, that puts an End to Life,
Shall put an End to Sin.

CVII.

Thank God, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord.
Rom. vii. 25.

1. THO' void of all that 's good,
And very, very poor,

Thro' Chriſt I hope to be renew'd,
And live for evermore.

2. I view my own bad Heart,
And ſee ſuch Evils there,
The Sight with Horror makes me ſtart,
And tempts me to deſpair.

3. Then with a ſingle Eye
I look to Chriſt alone;
And on his Righteouſneſs rely,
Tho' I myſelf have none.

4. By Virtue of his Blood
The Lord declares me clean.
Now ſerves my Mind the Law of God,
My Fleſh the Law of Sin.

CVIII.

Thou ſhalt guide me with thy Counſel.
Pſalm lxxiii. 24.

1. WHene'er I make ſome ſudden Stop
(For many ſuch I make)
And cannot ſee the Cloud clear'd up,
Nor know which Path to take;

2. I to my Saviour ſpeed my Way,
To tell my dubious State;
Then liſten what the Lord will ſay;
And hope to follow that.

3. If Jeſus ſeem to hide his Face,
What anxious Fears I feel!
But if he deign to whiſper Peace,
I 'm happy; all is well.

4. Co

4. Confirm'd by one ſoft ſecret Word,
I ſeek no further Light;
But walk, depending on my Lord,
By Faith, and not by Sight.

5. Of Friends and Counſellors bereft,
I often hear him ſay;
"Decline not to the Right nor Left;
"Go on; lo, here's the Way."

6. Weak in myſelf, in Him I'm ſtrong:
His Spirit's Voice I hear.
The Way I walk cannot be wrong,
If Jeſus be but there.

7. He is my Helper and my Guide.
I truſt to Him alone.
No other Helps have I beſide:
I venture all on One.

CIX.

Then he turned his Face to the Wall, and prayed unto the Lord. 2 Kings xx. 2.

1. KING *Hezekiah* lay diſeas'd,
With ev'ry dang'rous Symptom ſeiz'd,
Beyond the Cure of Art,
With languid Pulſe, and Strength decay'd,
With Spirits ſunk, and Soul diſmay'd,
And ready to depart.

2. His Friends deſpair; his Servants droop;
The learned Leech can give no Hope;
All Signs of Life are fled:
When, lo! the Seer *Iſaiah* came,

With Words to damp th' expiring Flame,
And ſtrike the Dying dead.

3. Ent'ring the royal Patient's Room,
He thus denounc'd the dreadful Doom.
"Of flatt'ring Hopes beware.
"God's Meſſenger behold I ſtand.
"Thus ſaith the Lord, thy Death 's at Hand:
"Prepare, O King, prepare."

4. Where is the Man, whom Words like theſe
(Tho' free before from all Diſeaſe)
Would not deject to Death?
Fav'rite of Heav'n! in Thee we ſee
The Miracles of Pray'r; in Thee
Th' Omnipotence of Faith.

5. Methinks I hear the Hero ſay;
"And muſt my Life be ſnatch'd away,
"Before I'm fit to die?
"Can Pray'r reverſe the ſtern Decree,
"And ſave a Wretch condemn'd like Me?
"It may—at leaſt I 'll try.

6. "Ye Damps of Death, that chill me thro',
"God's Prophet, and Prediction too,
"I muſt withſtand you all.
"Both Heav'n and Earth, awhile be gone:
"I turn me to the Lord alone;
"And face the ſilent Wall."

7. He ſaid; and weeping pour'd a Pray'r,
That conquer'd Pain, remov'd Deſpair
With all it's heavy Load;
Repell'd the Force of Death's Attack;
Brought the recanting Prophet back,
And turn'd the Mind of God.

CX.

But thou ſhalt know hereafter. John xiii. 7.

1. RIghteous are the Works of God;
All his Ways are holy;
Juſt his Judgments; fit his Rod
To correct our Folly:

2. All his Dealings wiſe and good,
Uniform, tho' various;
Tho' they ſeem, by Reaſon view'd,
Croſs, or quite contrarious.

3. Theſe are Truths; and happy he,
Who can well receive them.
Brethren, tho' we cannot ſee,
Still we ſhould believe them.

4. Why thro' darkſome Paths we go,
We may know no Reaſon;
But we ſhall hereafter know,
Each in his due Seaſon.

5. Could we ſee how all is right,
Where were Room for Credence?
But by Faith, and not by Sight,
Chriſtians yield Obedience.

6. Let all fruitleſs Searches go,
Which perplex and teaze us:
We determine nought to know,
But a bleeding Jeſus.

CXI.

Bleſſed be *ye Poor.* Luke vi. 20.

1. LORD, when I hear thy Children talk,
(And I believe 'tis often true)
How with Delight thy Ways they walk,
And gladly thy Commandments do;

2. In my own Breaſt I look, and read
Accounts ſo very diff'rent there,
That, had I not thy Blood to plead,
Each Sight would ſink me to Deſpair.

3. Needy, and naked, and unclean,
Empty of Good, and full of Ill,
A lifeleſs Lump of loathſome Sin,
Without the Pow'r to act or will!

4. I feel my fainting Spirits droop;
My wretched Leanneſs I deplore;
Till gladden'd with a Gleam of Hope
From this; "The Lord has bleſt *the Poor.*"

5. Then, while I make my ſecret Moan,
Upwards I caſt my Eyes; and ſee,
Tho' I have nothing of my own,
My Treaſure is immenſe in Thee.

6. Still may I keep thy Love in View,
Lean there; nor envy thoſe that run;
Still truſt to—not what I can do,
But what thyſelf haſt for me done.

7. My Treaſure is thy precious Blood.
Fix there my Heart: And for the reſt,
Under thy forming Hands, my God,
Give me that Frame which thou lik'ſt beſt,

CXII.

A general Admonition.

1. BRethren, why toil ye thus for Toys;
And reckon Traſh for Treaſure;
Call gay Deceptions ſolid Joys,
Intoxication Pleaſure?

2. If more refin'd Amuſements pleaſe,
As Knowledge, Arts, or Learning;
A Moment puts an End to theſe;
And ſometimes ſhort 's the Warning.

3. What Balm could Wretches ever find
In Wit, to heal Affliction?
Or who can cure a troubled Mind
With all the Pomp of Diction?

4. Reflect, what Trifles ye purſue,
So anxious and ſo heedful:
For after all (you 'll find it true)
There is but one Thing needful.

5. God in his Scriptures to reveal
His Will has condeſcended.
What there is ſaid, he will fulfil;
Tho' Man may be offended.

6. This written Word with Rev'rence treat:
Join Pray'r with each Inſpection.
And be not wiſe in Self-conceit:
'Tis Folly to Perfection.

7. True Wiſdom, of celeſtial Birth,
Can both inſtruct and cheriſh.
Other Attainments are of Earth:
And all that 's Earth muſt periſh.
The chief Concern of fall'n Mankind
Should be to gain God's Favour.
What Safety can the Sinner find,
Before he find a Saviour?

9. This

9. This Saviour muſt be one that can
From Sin and Death releaſe us;
Make up the Breach 'twixt God and Man:
Which none can do, but Jeſus.

10. Jeſus is Judge of Quick and Dead:
And there is none beſide him;
Whether his Pow'r we ſlight or dread,
Adore him, or deride him.

11. Whate'er we judge ourſelves; we muſt
Or ſtand, or fall by *His* Doom.
And they that in this Jeſus truſt,
Have found eternal Wiſdom.

12. Mercy and Love, from Jeſus felt,
Can heal a wounded Spirit;
Mercy, that triumphs over Guilt,
And Love, that ſeeks no Merit.

13. Then kiſs the Son: For from his Wrath
No Wiſdom can deliver.
Cloſe in with Chriſt, by ſaving Faith,
And God 's your Friend for ever.

CXIII.

Becauſe thou ſayeſt I am rich, and increaſed with Goods. Rev. iii. 17.

1. WHAT makes miſtaken Men afraid
Of ſov'reign Grace to preach?
The Reaſon is (if Truth be ſaid)
Becauſe they are ſo *rich*.

2. Why ſo offenſive in their Eyes,
Doth God's Election ſeem?
Becauſe they think themſelves ſo wiſe,
That they have choſen *Him*.

3. O

3. Of Perſeverance why ſo loth
Are Some to ſpeak or hear?
Becauſe, as Maſters over Sloth,
They vow to perſevere.

4. Whence is imputed Righteouſneſs,
A Point ſo little known?
Becauſe Men think, they all poſſeſs
Some Righteouſneſs their own.

5. Not ſo the needy helpleſs Soul
Prefers his humble Pray'r.
He looks to him that works the whole;
And ſeeks his Treaſure there.

6. His Language is; "Let *me*, my God,
"On ſov'reign Grace rely;
"And own 'tis free, becauſe beſtow'd
"On one ſo vile as I.

7. "*Election!* 'Tis a Word divine:
"For, Lord, I plainly ſee,
"Had not thy Choice prevented mine,
"I ne'er had choſen *Thee*.

8. "For *Perſeverance* Strength I've none:
"But would on this depend;
"*That Jeſus having lov'd his own,*
"*He lov'd them to the End.*

9. "Empty and bare I come to Thee,
"For Righteouſneſs divine.
"O may thy matchleſs Merits be,
"By *Imputation*, mine!"

10 Thus differ Theſe; yet hoping each
To make Salvation ſure.
Now moſt Men would approve the *Rich*;
But Chriſt has bleſt the *Poor*.

CXIV.

For thine is the Kingdom, &c. Mat. vi. 13.

1. YE Souls that are weak,
And helpleſs, and poor,
Who know not to ſpeak;
Much leſs to do more;
Lo! here 's a Foundation
For Comfort and Peace.
In Chriſt is Salvation:
The Kingdom is *His*.

2. With Power he rules;
And Wonders performs;
Gives Conduct to Fools,
And Courage to Worms,
Beſet by ſore Evils
Without, and within,
By Legions of Devils,
And Mountains of Sin.

3. Then be not afraid;
All Power is giv'n
To Jeſus our Head,
In Earth, and in Heav'n.
Thro' Him we ſhall conquer
The mightieſt Foes:
Our Captain is ſtronger
Than all that oppoſe.

4. His Pow'r from above
He 'll kindly impart;
So free is his Love,
So tender his Heart.
Redeem'd with his Merit,
We 're waſh'd in his Blood;
Renew'd by his Spirit,
We 've Power with God.

5. T

5. Thy Grace we adore,
Director divine.
The Kingdom, and Pow'r,
And Glory, are thine.
Preſerve us from running
On Rocks or on Shelves;
From Foes ſtrong and cunning;
And moſt from Ourſelves.

6. Reign o'er us as King;
Accompliſh thy Will;
And pow'rfully bring
Us forth from all Ill;
Till falling before thee
We laud thy lov'd Name,
Aſcribing the Glory
To God, and the Lamb.

CXV.

Who was delivered for our Offences, and was raiſed again for our Juſtification. Rom. iv. 25.

1. JESUS, when on the bloody Tree
He hung, thro' Soul and Body pierc'd,
(That all Things might accompliſh'd be
Contain'd in Scripture) ſaid, *I thirſt.*

2. *Hyſſop*, the Plant ordain'd by God,
And held by *Jews* in high Eſteem,
Which ſprinkled them with Paſchal Blood*,
Sharp Vinegar convey'd to *Him.*

3. This done, our dear, our dying Lord
Exerts his ſhort expiring Breath;
Utters this rich important Word,
'Tis finiſh'd; and ſubmits to Death.

4. Hence-

* Exod. xii. 22.

4. Henceforth an End is put to Sin:
(Th' important Word implies no leſs)
Now for Believers is brought in
An everlaſting Righteouſneſs.

5. The Son of God and Man has died,
Sinners as black as Hell to ſave:
And that they might be juſtified,
Is ris'n victorious from the Grave.

6. In Heav'n he lives, our King, our Prieſt;
There for his People ever pleads.
How ſure is our Salvation! Chriſt
Died, roſe, aſcended, intercedes.

CXVI.

For he ſhall not ſpeak of Himſelf. John xvi. 13.

1. WHatever prompts the Soul to Pride,
Or gives us room to boaſt,
(Except in Jeſus crucified)
Is not the Holy Ghoſt.

2. That bleſſed Spir't omits to ſpeak
Of what himſelf has done;
And bids th' enlighten'd Sinner ſeek
Salvation in the Son.

3. He ſeldom moves a Man to ſay,
"Thank God I'm made ſo good."
But turns his Eye another Way.
To Jeſus, and his Blood.

4. Great are the Graces he confers,
But all in Jeſu's Name.
He gladly dictates, gladly hears,
"*Salvation to the Lamb.*"

CXVII.

And ye are complete in him. Col. ii. 10.

WHEN is it Chriſtians all agree,
And let Diſtinctions fall?
When, nothing in Themſelves, they ſee
That Chriſt is All, in All.

But Strife and Diff'rence will ſubſiſt,
While Men will Something ſeem.
Let them but ſingly look to Chriſt,
And all are one in *Him.*

The Infant, and the aged Saint,
The Worker, and the Weak;
They who are ſtrong, and ſeldom faint,
And they who ſcarce can ſpeak.

Eternal Life 's the Gift of God.
It comes thro' Chriſt alone.
'Tis his; he bought it with his Blood;
And therefore gives *his own.*

We have no Life, no Pow'r, no Faith,
But what by Chriſt is giv'n.
We all deſerve eternal Death:
And thus we all are ev'n.

CXVIII.

The Outcaſts of *Iſrael.*

LORD, pity Outcaſts vile and baſe,
The poor Dependants on thy Grace,
Whom Men Diſturbers call,
By Sinners and by Saints withſtood,
For *theſe* too bad, for *thoſe* too good,
Condemn'd, or ſhunn'd by all.

2. Tho' faithful *Abr'ham* us reject,
And tho' his ranſom'd Race, elect,
Agree to give us up;
Thou art our Father; and thy Name
From everlaſting is the ſame;
On that we build our Hope.

CXIX.

The Lord thy God brought it to me.
Gen. xxvii. 20.

1. AND now the Work is done,
Without much Pains or Coſt.
The Author's Merit 's none;
And therefore none his Boaſt:
He only claims whate'er 's amiſs.
Alas! how large a Share is His?

2. Some Time it took to beat
And hunt for tinkling Sound;
But the rich ſav'ry Meat
Was very quickly found.
For ev'ry truly Chriſtian Thought
Was by the God of *Iſaac* brought.

3. May he that ſings, or reads,
That precious Bleſſing know,
That comes by *Jacob's Kids*,
And not from *Eſau's Bow*.
O bring no Price; God's Grace is free,
To *Paul*; to *Magdalene*—to *Me*.

4. Glory to God alone,
(Let Man forbear to boaſt)
To Father, and to Son,
And to the Holy Ghoſt.
Eternal Life 's the Gift of God:
The Lamb procur'd it by his Blood.

SUP.

SUPPLEMENT.

For the Lord's Supper. 20 Hymns.

I.

1. THE King of Heav'n a Feaſt has made;
And to his much-lov'd Friends
The Faint, the Famiſh'd, and the Sad,
This Invitation ſends.

2. "Beggars, approach my royal Board
"Furniſh'd with all that 's good:
"Come, ſit at Table with your Lord;
"And eat celeſtial Food.

3. "My Body and my Blood receive.
"It comes entirely free:
"I aſk no Price, for all I give.
"But O, remember *Me*."

4. Lo, at thy gracious Bidding, Lord,
Tho' vile and baſe, we come.
O, ſpeak the reconciling Word,
And welcome Wand'rers home.

5. Rich Wine, and Milk, and heav'nly Meat,
We come to buy, and live.
Since *Nothing* is the Price that 's ſet;
And we have Nought to give.

6. Impart to all thy Flock below
The Bleſſings of thy Death.
On ev'ry begging Soul beſtow
Thy Love, thy Hope, thy Faith.

7. May each, with Strength from Heav'n endued,
Say, "My Beloved's mine:
"I eat his Flesh, and drink his Blood,
"In Signs of Bread and Wine."

II.

1. THIS is the Day the Lord has made.
Rejoice, my Friends, to see
His royal Table richly spread
For such vile Worms as We.

2. Ye Beggars, from your Dunghills rise;
Cast off your Rags of Shame.
Open, ye Blind, your long clos'd Eyes;
And leap for Joy, ye Lame.

3. Come, and with regal Robes be clad,
All at the Cost of Christ.
Come, ev'ry one a King be made;
And ev'ry one a Priest.

4. Welcome, poor Sinner, welcome here.
Leave all thy Cares behind.
Dismiss thy Doubt, cast off thy Fear;
Give Reas'nings to the Wind.

5. Believe thy God: Believe his Word,
His Spirit, and his Son.
Only believe thy dying Lord,
And all the Work is done.

6. Come, eat his Flesh, and drink his Blood
Make all his Merits thine,
Sure as thy Body lives on Food,
And feels the Strength of Wine.

III.

III.

1. GLORY to God on high:
Our Peace is made with Heav'n.
The Son of God came down to die,
That Sin might be forgiv'n.

2. His precious Blood was ſhed,
His Body bruis'd, for Sin:
Remember *this* in eating Bread,
And *that* in drinking Wine.

3. Approach his royal Board,
In his rich Garments clad.
Join ev'ry Tongue to praiſe the Lord;
And ev'ry Heart be glad.

4. The Father gives the Son;
The Son his Fleſh and Blood:
The Spir't applies, and Faith puts on,
The Righteouſneſs of God.

5. Sinners, the Gift receive;
And each ſay, "I am chief.
"Thou know'ſt, O Lord, I would believe;
"Oh! help my Unbelief."

6. Lord, help us from above:
The Pow'r is all thy own.
Faith is thy Gift, and Hope, and Love;
For of ourſelves we 've none.

IV.

1. FATHER of Heav'n, almighty King,
How wond'rous is thy Love!
That Worms of Duſt thy Praiſe ſhould ſing;
And thou their Songs approve!

2. Since by a new and living Way
Acceſs to Thee is giv'n;
Poor Sinners may with Boldneſs pray;
And Earth converſe with Heav'n.

3. Give each ſome Token, Lord, for good;
And ſend the Spirit down,
To feed us with celeſtial Food,
The Body of thy Son.

4. The Feaſt thou haſt been pleas'd to make
We would by Faith receive:
That all that come their Part may take;
And all that take may live.

5. Let ev'ry Tongue the Father own;
Who, when we all were loſt,
To ſeek and ſave us ſent the Son;
And gives the Holy Ghoſt.

V.

1. LORD, who can hear of all thy Woe,
Thy Groans and dying Cries;
And not feel Tears of Sorrow flow,
And Sighs of Pity riſe?

2. Much harder than the hardeſt Stone
That Man's hard Heart muſt be.
Alas! dear Lord, with Shame we own,
That juſt ſuch Hearts have We.

3. The Symbols of thy Fleſh and Blood
Will (as they have been oft)
With unrelenting Hearts be view'd,
Unleſs thou make them ſoft.

4. Diſſolve theſe Rocks; call forth the Stream;
Make ev'ry Eye a Sluice;
Let none be ſlow to weep for Him,
Who wept ſo much for Us.

5. And

5. And while we mourn, and ſing, and pray,
And feed on Bread and Wine,
Lord, let thy quick'ning Spir't convey
The Subſtance with the Sign.

VI.

1. THE bleſt Memorials of thy Grief
Thy Suff'rings and thy Death
We come, dear Saviour, to receive;
But would receive with Faith.

2. The Tokens ſent us to relieve
Our Spirits, when they droop,
We come, dear Saviour, to receive;
But would receive with Hope.

3. The Pledges thou waſt pleas'd to leave,
Our mournful Minds to move,
We come, dear Saviour, to receive;
But would receive with Love.

4. Here in Obedience to thy Word
We take the Bread and Wine;
The utmoſt we can do, dear Lord,
For all beyond is thine.

5. Increaſe our Faith and Hope and Love;
Lord, give us all that 's good.
We would thy full Salvation prove,
And ſhare thy Fleſh and Blood.

VII.

1. JOIN ev'ry Tongue to ſing
The Mercies of the Lord.
The Love of Chriſt our King
Let ev'ry Heart record.
He ſav'd us from the Wrath of God;
And paid our Ranſom with his Blood.

2. What

2. What wond'rous Grace was this!
We sinn'd; and Jesus died.
He wrought the Righteousness,
And We were justified.
We ran the Score to Lengths extreme;
And all the Debt was charg'd on Him.

3. Hell was our just Desert;
And He that Hell endur'd.
Guilt broke his guiltless Heart
With Wrath that we incurr'd.
We bruis'd his Body, spilt his Blood;
And both become our heav'nly Food.

VIII.

1. HAIL, thou Bridegroom bruis'd to Death!
Who hast the Wine-press trod
Of th' Almighty's burning Wrath.
Hail slaughter'd Lamb of God!
Melt our Hearts with Love like thine,
While we behold thee on the Tree,
Sweetly mourning o'er each Sign
In Memory of Thee.

2. Hail, thou mighty Saviour! blest
Before the World began
In th' eternal Father's Breast.
Hail, Son of God and Man!
Thee we hymn in humble Strains,
And to receive we all agree
These blest Symbols of thy Pains
In Memory of Thee.

3. Break, O break these Hearts of Stone
By some endearing Word.
Jesus, come; may ev'ry one
Behold his suff'ring Lord.

Th'

Th' Holy Ghoſt into us breathe.
Help us to take, from Doubtings free,
Theſe dear Tokens of thy Death
In Memory of Thee.

4. Thou, our great Melchiſedec,
Bring'ſt forth thy Bread and Wine.
Thou haſt wrought out for our Sake
A Righteouſneſs divine.
Send thy Bleſſing from above,
When Worms partake, ſuch Worms as We,
Theſe rich Pledges of thy Love
In Memory of Thee.

IX.

1. OH! that our flinty Hearts would melt,
While to Remembrance, Lord, we call
Part of that Weight which thou haſt felt,
For who can comprehend it all?

2. Ye Sinners, while theſe Symbols dear
Preſent your ſuff'ring Lord to View,
Drop the ſoft Tribute of a Tear:
For he ſhed many a Tear for You.

3. In the ſad Garden, on the Wood,
His Body bruis'd, from ev'ry Part,
Pour'd on the Ground a purple Flood;
'Till Sorrow broke his tender Heart.

4. Lord, while we thus ſhew forth thy Death,
O ſend thy Spirit from above:
Help us to feed on Thee by Faith;
And ſigh, and ſing, and mourn, and love.

X.

1. WHEN thro' the Desart vast
The chosen Tribes were led,
They could not plow, nor till, nor sow;
Yet never wanted Bread.

2. Around their wand'ring Camp
The copious Manna fell:
Strew'd on the Ground, a Food they found;
But *what*, they could not tell.

3. But better Bread by far
Is now to Christians giv'n;
Poor Sinners eat immortal Meat,
The living Bread from Heav'n.

4. We eat the Flesh of Christ;
Who is the Bread of God.
Their Food was coarse, compar'd with ours;
Tho' theirs was Angels Food.

XI.

1. LORD, send thy Spirit down
On Babes that long to learn.
Open our Eyes; and make us wise,
Thy Body to discern.

2. 'Tis by thy Word we live,
And not by Bread alone;
The Word of Truth, from thy blest Mouth
O, make it clearly known.

3. With what we have receiv'd
Impart thy quick'ning Pow'r.
We would be fed, with living Bread,
And live for evermore.

XII.

1. PITY a helpleſs Sinner, Lord,
Who would believe thy gracious Word;
But own my Heart, with Shame and Grief,
A Sink of Sin and Unbelief.

2. Lord, in thy Houſe I read there's Room:
And vent'ring hard behold I come.
But can there, tell me, can there be,
Amongſt thy Children, Room for *Me*?

3. I eat the Bread, and drink the Wine:
But oh! my Soul wants more than Sign.
I faint; unleſs I feed on Thee,
And drink thy Blood as ſhed for *Me*.

4. For Sinners, Lord, thou cam'ſt to bleed:
And I 'm a Sinner vile indeed!
Lord, I believe thy Grace is free:
O, magnify that Grace in *Me*.

XIII.

1. O, How good our gracious God is!
What rich Feaſts does he provide!
Bread and Wine to feed our Bodies:
But much more is ſignified.
All his Sheep (amazing Wonder!)
Feeds he with his Fleſh and Blood.
Where's the Pow'r can ever ſunder
Souls united thus to God?

2. When we take the ſacred Symbols
Of his Body, Bread and Wine;
While the Heart relents and trembles,
We rejoice with Joy divine.

Jeſus

Jeſus makes the weakeſt able:
Feeds us with his Fleſh and Blood.
Needy Beggars at his Table
Are the Welcome Gueſts of God.

3. Ceaſe thy Fears then, weak Believer:
Jeſus Chriſt is ſtill the ſame,
Yeſterday, to-day, for ever.
Saviour is his unctious Name.
Lowlineſs of Heart and Meekneſs
To the bleeding Lamb belong.
Truſt in Him; and by thy Weakneſs
Thou ſhalt prove that Chriſt is ſtrong.

XIV.

1. SUff'ring Saviour, Lamb of God,
How haſt thou been uſed!
With th' Almighty's wrathful Rod
Soul and Body bruiſed!

2. We, for whom thou once waſt ſlain,
We, whoſe Sins did pierce thee,
Now commemorate thy Pain,
And implore thy Mercy.

3. We would with thee ſympathize
In thy bitter Paſſion;
With ſoft Hearts and weeping Eyes
See thy great Salvation.

4. Thine's an everlaſting Love;
We have dearly tried thee.
Whom have we in Heav'n above?
Whom on Earth beſide thee?

5. What can helpleſs Sinners do,
When Temptations ſeize us!
Nought have We to look unto,
But the Blood of Jeſus.

6. Pardon

6. Pardon all our Baſeneſs, Lord;
All our Weakneſs pity.
Guide us ſafely by thy Word
To the heav'nly City.

7. Oh! ſuſtain us on the Road
Thro' this Deſart dreary.
Feed us with thy Fleſh and Blood,
When we 're faint and weary.

8. Bid us call to mind thy Croſs
Our hard Hearts to ſoften.
Often, Saviour, feaſt us thus;
For we need it often.

XV.

1. THE tender Mercies of the Lord,
On thoſe that fear his Name,
For ev'ry thankful Tongue afford
An everlaſting Theme.

2. He pities all, that feel his Fear,
When wounded, pain'd, or weak;
As tender Mothers grieve to hear
Their Infants moan, when ſick.

3. He to the Needy and the Faint
His mighty Aid makes known;
And when their languid Life is ſpent,
Supplies it with his own.

4. The Body in his Bounty ſhares,
Suſtain'd with Corn and Wine:
But for the Soul himſelf prepares
A Banquet more divine.

5. By Faith receiv'd, his Fleſh and Blood
Shall Life eternal give:
For he that eats immortal Food,
Immortally muſt live.

XVI.

1. WHEN Jesus undertook
To rescue ruin'd Man,
The Realms of Bliss forsook,
And to relieve us ran;
He spar'd no Pains, declin'd no Load,
Resolv'd to buy us with his Blood.

2. No harsh Commands he gave,
No hard Conditions brought.
He came to seek and save,
And pardon ev'ry Fault.
Poor trembling Sinners hear his Call;
They come; and he forgives them all.

3. When thus we 're reconcil'd,
He sets no rig'rous Tasks.
His Yoke is soft and mild;
For Love is all he asks:
Ev'n *That* from Him we first receive;
For well he knows, we 've none to give.

4. This pure and heav'nly Gift
Within our Hearts to move,
The dying Saviour left
These Tokens of his Love:
Which seem to say, "While this ye do,
"Remember Him that died for You."

XVII.

1. THAT doleful Night before his Death
The Lamb for Sinners slain
Did almost with his latest Breath
This solemn Feast ordain.
To keep thy Feast, Lord, are we met;
And to remember Thee.
Help each poor Trembler to repeat,
For Me, he died, *for Me*.

2. Thy Suff'rings, Lord, each ſacred Sign
To our Remembrance brings:
We eat the Bread and drink the Wine;
But think on nobler Things.
O, tune our Tongues, and ſet in Frame
Each Heart that pants to Thee,
To ſing, "Hoſanna to the Lamb,
"The Lamb that died for *Me*."

Hal.

XVIII.

1. JESUS, once for Sinners ſlain, *Hal.*
From the Dead was rais'd again;
And in Heav'n is now ſet down
With his Father in his Throne.

2. There he reigns a King ſupreme:
We ſhall alſo reign with Him.
Feeble Souls, be not diſmay'd:
Truſt in his almighty Aid.

3. He has made an End of Sin;
And his Blood has waſh'd us clean.
Fear not; he is ever near:
Now, ev'n now, he 's with us here.

4. Thus aſſembling we, by Faith,
Till he come, ſhew forth his Death.
Of his Body Bread 's the Sign;
And we drink his Blood in Wine.

5. Bread thus broken aptly ſhews
How his Body God did bruiſe.
When the Grape's rich Blood we ſee,
Lord, we then remember Thee.

6. Saints on Earth, with Saints above,
Celebrate his dying Love.

And let ev'ry ranſom'd Soul
Sound his praiſe from Pole to Pole.

XIX.

1. THE God, that firſt us choſe,
Th' eternal Father praiſe.
What wond'rous Bounties he beſtows!
And by what wond'rous Ways!

2. His Creatures all are fill'd,
By Him, with proper Food:
But O! he gives to ev'ry Child
His Son's own Fleſh and Blood.

3. Here hungry Souls appear,
And eat celeſtial Bread.
The needy Beggar banquets here,
With royal Dainties fed.

4. Here thirſty Souls approach,
And drink immortal Wine.
The Entertainment is for ſuch,
Prepar'd by Grace divine.

5. God bids us bring no Price;
The Feaſt is furniſh'd free:
His bounteous Hand the Poor ſupplies.
And who more Poor than We?

6. His Spirit from above
Our Father ſends us down:
And looks with everlaſting Love
On all that love the Son.

XX.

1. WHAT Creatures beſide
Are favour'd like Us!
Forgiven, ſupplied,
And banquetted thus,

By

By God our good Father;
Who gave us his Son;
And ſent him to gather
His Children in One?

2. Salvation's of God,
Th' Effect of free Grace
Upon us beſtow'd
Before the World was.
God *from* everlaſting
Be bleſt; and again
Bleſt *to* everlaſting.
Amen, and Amen.

XXI.

Before Preaching. 2 Hymns.

1. ONCE more we come before our God;
Once more his Bleſſing aſk.
O, may not Duty ſeem a Load!
Nor Worſhip prove a Taſk.

2. Father, thy quick'ning Spirit ſend
From Heav'n in Jeſu's Name,
To make our waiting Minds attend,
And put our Souls in Frame.

3. May we receive the Word we hear,
Each in an honeſt Heart;
Hoard up the precious Treaſure there,
And never with it part.

4. To ſeek thee all our Hearts diſpoſe.
To each thy Bleſſings ſuit.
And let the Seed thy Servant ſows
Produce a copious Fruit.

5. Bid the refreſhing north Wind wake;
Say to the ſouth Wind, Blow:
Let ev'ry Plant the Pow'r partake,
And all the Garden grow.

6. Revive the parch'd with heav'nly Show'rs;
The cold with Warmth divine.
And as the Benefit is ours,
Be all the Glory thine.

XXII.

1. THE good Hand of God
Has brought us again
(A Favour beſtow'd,
We hope, not in vain)
To hear from our Saviour
The Word of his Grace.
Then be our Behaviour
Becoming the Place.

Remember the Ends
For which we are met.
Alas! my dear Friends,
We're apt to forget.
The Motives that brought us
The Lord only ſees:
But if He has taught us,
Our Ends ſhould be theſe.

3. To worſhip the Lord
With Praiſe and with Pray'r.
To practiſe his Word,
As well as to hear.
To own with Contrition
The Deeds we have done;
And take the Remiſſion,
God gives in his Son.

4. Bleſt Spirit of Chriſt,
Deſcend on us thus.
Thy Servant aſſiſt:
Teach Him to teach Us.
O ſend us thy Unction,
To teach us all good;
And touch with Compunction;
And ſprinkle with Blood.

XXIII.

The Fear of the Lord. 3 Hymns.

1. THE Fear of the Lord
Our Days will prolong;
In Trouble afford
A Confidence ſtrong;
Will keep us from ſinning;
Will proſper our Ways;
And is the Beginning
Of Wiſdom and Grace.

2. The Fear of the Lord
Preſerves us from Death;
Enforces his Word;
Enlivens our Faith.
It regulates Paſſion;
And helps us to quell
The Dread of Damnation,
And Terrors of Hell.

3. The Fear of the Lord
Is Soundneſs and Health;
A Treaſure well ſtor'd
With heavenly Wealth;
A Fence againſt Evil;
By which we reſiſt
World, Fleſh, and the Devil;
And imitate Chriſt.

4. The Fear of the Lord
Is clean and approv'd;
Makes Satan abhorr'd,
And Jeſus belov'd.
It conquers by Weakneſs;
Is proof againſt Strife;
A Cordial in Sickneſs;
A Fountain of Life.

5. The Fear of the Lord
Is lowly and meek;
The happy Reward
Of all that him ſeek:
They only that fear him
The Truth can diſcern;
For living ſo near him
His Secrets they learn.

6. The Fear of the Lord
His Mercy makes dear,
His Judgments ador'd,
His Righteouſneſs clear.
Without its freſh Flavour
In Knowledge there 's Fault,
In Doctrines no Savour,
In Duties no Salt.

7. The Fear of the Lord
Confirms a good Hope.
By this are reſtor'd
The Senſes that droop.
The deeper it reaches,
The more the Soul thrives.
It gives what it teaches,
And guards what it gives.

8. T

8. The Fear of the Lord
Forbids us to yield.
It ſharpens our Sword,
And ſtrengthens our Shield.
Then cry we to Heaven,
With one loud Accord,
That to us be given
The Fear of the Lord.

XXIV.

1. HAPPY the Men that fear the Lord.
They from the Paths of Sin depart;
Rejoice, and tremble at his Word,
And hide it deep within their Heart.

2. They in his Mercy hope, thro' Grace;
Revere his Judgments, not contemn.
In pleaſing Him their Pleaſure 's plac'd;
And *his* Delight is plac'd in Them.

3. This Fear, a rich and endleſs Store,
Preſerves the Soul from pois'nous Pride.
The Heart, that wants this Fear, is poor;
Whatever it poſſeſs beſide.

4. This Treaſure was by Chriſt poſſeſt.
In This his Underſtanding ſtood.
And ev'ry one that 's with it bleſt,
Has free Redemption in his Blood.

XXV.

1. THE Men that fear the Lord,
In ev'ry State are bleſt.
The Lord will grant, whate'er they want.
Their Souls ſhall dwell at Reſt.

2. His

2. His Secrets they ſhall ſhare;
His Covenant ſhall learn:
Guided by Grace, ſhall walk his Ways;
And heav'nly Truths diſcern.

3. He pities all their Griefs;
When ſinking, makes them ſwim.
He dries their Tears, relieves their Fears;
And bids them truſt in Him.

4. In his Remembrance-Book
The Saviour ſets them down,
Accounting each a Jewel rich;
And calls them all his own.

5. This Fear 's the Spir't of Faith;
A Confidence that 's ſtrong;
An unctious Light, to all that 's right,
A Bar to all that 's wrong.

6. It gives Religion Life
To warm as well as light;
Makes Mercy ſweet, Salvation great,
And all God's Judgments right.

XXVI.

I will ſing of Mercy and Judgment. Pſal. ci. 1.

1. THY Mercy, Lord, we praiſe;
Of Judgment too we ſing:
For all the Riches of thy Grace
Our grateful Tribute bring.

2. Mercy may juſtly claim
A Sinner's thankful Voice:
And Judgment joining in the Theme,
We tremble and rejoice.

3. Thy

3. Thy Mercies bid us truſt;
Thy Judgments ſtrike with Awe:
We fear the laſt, we bleſs the firſt;
And love thy righteous Law.

4. Who can thy Acts expreſs?
Or trace thy wond'rous Ways?
How glorious is thy Holineſs!
How terrible thy Praiſe!

5. Thy Goodneſs how immenſe
To thoſe that fear thy Name!
Thy Love ſurpaſſes Thought or Senſe;
And always is the ſame.

6. Thy Judgments are too deep
For Reaſon's Line to ſound.
Thy tender Mercies to thy Sheep
No Bottom know, nor Bound.

XXVII.

Characters and Offices of Chriſt.

1. CHRIST is th' eternal *Rock*,
On which his Church is built;
The *Shepherd* of his little Flock;
The *Lamb* that took our Guilt;
Our *Counſellor*; our *Guide*;
Our *Brother*, and our *Friend*;
The *Bridegroom* of his choſen Bride,
Who loves her to the End.

2. He is the *Son* to free;
The *Biſhop* He to bleſs;
The full *Propitiation* He;
The Lord our *Righteouſneſs*;

His

His Body's glorious *Head*;
Our *Advocate* that pleads;
Our *Prieſt* that pray'd, aton'd, and bled,
And ever intercedes.

3. Let all obedient Souls
Their grateful Tribute bring;
Submit to Jeſu's righteous Rules,
And bow before their *King*.
Our *Prophet* Chriſt expounds
His and our Father's Will.
This good *Phyſician* cures our Wounds
With Tenderneſs and Skill.

4. When Sin had ſadly made
'Twixt Wrath and Mercy Strife;
Our dear *Redeemer* dearly paid
Our Ranſom with his Life.
Faith gives the full Releaſe;
Our *Surety* for us ſtood.
The *Mediator* made the Peace,
And ſign'd it with his Blood.

5. Soldiers, your *Captain* own.
Domeſtics, ſerve your *Lord*.
Sinners, the *Saviour*'s Love make known.
Saints, hymn th' incarnate *Word*;
The *Witneſs* ſure and true
Of God's good Will to Men;
The *Alpha* and th' *Omega* too,
The firſt and laſt *Amen*.

6. Poor Pilgrims ſhall not ſtray,
Who frighted flee from Wrath:
A bleeding Jeſus is the *Way*;
And Blood tracks all the Path.

Chriſtian

Chriſtians in Chriſt obtain
The *Truth* that can't deceive.
And never ſhall They die again,
Who in the *Life* believe.

XXVIII.

Praiſe for Creation and Redemption.

1. WHILE heav'nly Hoſts their Anthems ſing,
In Realms above the Sky,
Let Worms of Earth their Tribute bring,
And laud the Lord moſt high.
In thankful Notes your Voices raiſe,
Ye ranſom'd of the Lord;
And ſing th' eternal Father's Praiſe,
The God by all ador'd.

2. All Creatures to his Bounty owe
Their Being and their Breath:
But greateſt Gratitude ſhould flow
In Men redeem'd from Death.
His only Son he deign'd to give;
(What Love this Gift declares!)
And all that in the Son believe,
Eternal Life is theirs.

XXIX.

Put on the whole Armour of God. Eph. vi. 11.

1. GIRD thy Loins up, Chriſtian Soldier,
Lo! thy Captain calls thee out:
Let the Danger make thee bolder;
War in Weakneſs; dare in Doubt.

Buckle on thy heav'nly Armour:
Patch up no inglorious Peace.
Let thy Courage wax the warmer,
As thy Foes and Fears increaſe.

2. Bind thy golden Girdle round thee,
Truth to keep thee firm and tight;
Never ſhall the Foe confound thee,
While the Truth maintains thy Fight.
Righteouſneſs within thee rooted
May appear to take thy Part;
But let Righteouſneſs imputed
Be the Breaſt-plate of thy Heart.

3. Shod with Goſpel-preparation
In the Paths of Promiſe tread.
Let the Hope of free Salvation,
As a Helmet, guard thy Head.
When beſet with various Evils,
Wield the Spirit's two-edg'd Sword:
Cut thy Way thro' Hoſts of Devils;
While they fall before the Word.

4. But when Dangers cloſer threaten;
And thy Soul draws near to Death;
When aſſaulted ſore by *Satan*,
Then object the Shield of Faith:
Fiery Darts of fierce Temptations,
Intercepted by thy God,
There ſhall loſe their Force in Patience,
Sheath'd in Love, and quench'd in Blood.

5. Tho' to ſpeak thou be not able,
Always pray, and never reſt.
Pray'r 's a Weapon for the Feeble:
Weakeſt Souls can wield it beſt.

Ever

Ever on thy Captain calling,
Make thy worſt Condition known.
He ſhall hold thee up when falling;
Or ſhall lift thee up when down.

XXX.

Deſertion.

1. DEEP in a cold, a joyleſs Cell,
A doleful Gulph of gloomy Care!
Where diſmal Doubts and Darkneſs dwell,
The dang'rous Brink of black Deſpair;
Chill'd by the icy Damps of Death
I feel no firm Support of Faith.

2. How can a burden'd Cripple riſe?
How can a fetter'd Captive flee?
Ah! Lord, direct my wiſhful Eyes;
And let me look, at leaſt, to Thee.
Alas! my ſinking Spirits droop.
I ſcarce perceive a Glimpſe of Hope.

3. Extend thy Mercy, gracious God.
Thy quick'ning Spir't vouchſafe to ſend;
Apply the reconciling Blood;
And kindly call thy Foe thy Friend:
Or if rich Cordials thou deny;
Let Patience Comfort's Place ſupply.

4. Let Hope ſurvive, tho' dampt by Doubt;
Do thou defend my ſhatter'd Shield.
Oh! let me never quite give out.
Help me to keep the bloody Field.
Lord, look upon th' unequal Strife.
Delay not, leſt I loſe my Life.

XXXI.

Chriſt's Reſurrection. 4 Hymns.

1. SEE from the Dungeon of the Dead
Our great Deliv'rer riſe;
While Conqueſt wreaths his heav'nly Head,
And Glory glads his Eyes.

2. The ſtrugg'ling Hero, ſtrong to ſave,
Did all our Mis'ries bear
Down to the Chambers of the Grave;
And left the Burden there.

3. See, how the well-pleas'd Angel rolls
The Stone; and opes the Pris'n.
Lift up your Heads, ye Sin-ſick Souls;
And ſing, *The Lord is ris'n.*

4. No more Indictments Juſtice draws;
It ſets the Soul at large.
Our Surety undertook the Cauſe;
And Faith 's a full Diſcharge.

5. To ſave us, our Redeemer died;
To juſtify us, roſe.
Where 's the condemning Pow'r beſide
Has Right to interpoſe?

6. The Lord is ris'n, thou trembling Soul:
Let Fears no more confound.
Let Heav'n and Earth from Pole to Pole
The Lord is ris'n reſound.

XXXII.

1. BEliever, lift thy drooping Head;
Thy Saviour has the Vict'ry gain'd.
See all thy Foes in Triumph led;
And everlaſting Life obtain'd.

2. God

2. God from the Grave has rais'd his Son.
The Pow'rs of Darkneſs are deſpoil'd.
Juſtice declares the Work is done,
And God and Man are reconcil'd.

3. Lo! the Redeemer leaves the Tomb:
See the Triumphant Hero riſe.
His mighty Arms their Strength reſume;
And Conqueſt ſparkles in his Eyes.

4. Death his Death's Wound has now receiv'd.
An End of Sin's entirely made.
Pris'ners of Hope are quite repriev'd.
And all the dreadful Debt is paid.

5. Chriſtians, for whom the Lord was ſlain,
Give him the Purchaſe of his Blood.
Let Sin no longer in you reign;
But dedicate yourſelves to God.

6. Earth's empty Toys no more eſteem.
Your Minds from worldly Things remove.
Let your Affections riſe with Him,
And ſet your Hearts on Things above.

XXXIII.

1. CHriſtians, diſmiſs your Fear;
Let Hope and Joy ſucceed.
The great good News with Gladneſs hear.
The Lord is ris'n indeed.
The Shades of Death withdrawn,
His Eyes their Beams diſplay.
So wakes the Sun, when roſy Dawn
Unbars the Gates of Day.

2. The Promiſe is fulfill'd.
Salvation's Work is done.
Juſtice with Mercy's reconcil'd:
And God has rais'd his Son.
He quits the dark Abode,
From all Corruption free.
The holy harmleſs Child of God
Could no Corruption ſee.

3. Angels with Saints above
The riſing Victor ſing:
And all the bliſsful Seats of Love
With loud Hoſannas ring.
Ye Pilgrims too below,
Your Hearts and Voices raiſe.
Let ev'ry Breaſt with Gladneſs glow;
And ev'ry Mouth ſing Praiſe.

4. My Soul, thy Saviour laud;
Who all thy Sorrows bore.
Who died for Sin; but lives to God:
And lives to die no more.
His Death procur'd thy Peace.
His Reſurrection's thine.
Believe; receive the full Releaſe:
'Tis ſign'd with Blood divine.

XXXIV.

1. UPriſing from the darkſome Tomb
See the victorious Jeſus come!
Th' Almighty Pris'ner quits the Pris'n:
And Angels tell, the Lord is ris'n.
Angels, Angels, Angels, Angels, Angels tell
the Lord is ris'n.

2. Ye guilty Souls, that groan and grieve,
Hear the glad Tidings; hear, and live.
God's

God's righteous Law is ſatisfied:
And Juſtice now is on your Side.
Juſtice, Juſtice, &c.

3. Your Surety, thus releas'd by God,
Pleads the rich Ranſom of his Blood.
No new Demand, no Bar remains;
But Mercy now triumphant reigns.
Mercy, Mercy, &c.

4. Believers, hail your riſing Head;
The Firſt-begotten from the Dead.
Your Reſurrection 's ſure, thro' *His*,
To endleſs Life, and boundleſs Bliſs.
Endleſs, endleſs, &c.

XXXV.

Chriſt's Aſcenſion. 2 Hymns.

1. NOW for a Theme of thankful Praiſe,
To tune the Stamm'rer's Tongue.
Chriſtians, your Hearts and Voices raiſe.
And join the joyful Song.

2. The Lord 's aſcended up on high,
Deck'd with reſplendent Wounds;
While Shouts of Vict'ry rend the Sky;
And Heav'n with Joy reſounds.

3. See, from the Regions of the Dead,
Thro' all th' etherial Plains,
The Pow'rs of Darkneſs captive led;
The Dragon dragg'd in Chains.

4. Y' eternal Gates, your Leaves unfold;
Receive the conqu'ring King.
Ye Angels, ſtrike your Harps of Gold;
And Saints, triumphant ſing.

5. Sinners,

5. Sinners, rejoice; he died for *You*;
For *You* prepares a Place;
Sends down his Spir't to guide you thro',
With ev'ry Gift and Grace.

6. His Blood, which did your Sins atone,
For your Salvation pleads;
And ſeated on his Father's Throne,
He reigns, and intercedes.

XXXVI.

1. JESUS our triumphant Head,
Hal.
Ris'n victorious from the Dead,
To the Realms of Glory 's gone,
To aſcend his rightful Throne.

2. Cherubs on the Conqu'ror gaze.
Seraphs glow with brighter Blaze.
Each bright Order of the Sky
Hail him, as he paſſes by.

3. Saints the glorious Triumph meet;
See their En'mies at his Feet.
By his Scars his Toils are view'd,
And his Garments roll'd in Blood.

4. Heav'n its King congratulates;
Opens wide her golden Gates.
Angels Songs of Vict'ry ſing;
All the bliſsful Regions ring.

5. Sinners, join the heav'nly Pow'rs:
For Redemption all is ours.
None but burden'd Sinners prove
Blood-bought Pardon, dying Love.

6. Hail

6. Hail, thou dear, thou worthy Lord;
Holy Lamb, incarnate Word!
Hail, thou ſuff'ring Son of God!
Take the Trophies of thy Blood.

XXXVII.

The Goſpel.

1. REpent, ye Sons of Men, repent.
Hear the good Tidings God has ſent,
Of Sinners ſav'd, and Sins forgiv'n,
And Beggars rais'd to reign in Heav'n.
Beggars, Beggars, Beggars, Beggars, Beggars
rais'd to reign in Heav'n.

2. God ſent his Son to die for Us,
Die to redeem us from the Curſe.
He took our Weakneſs; bore our Load;
And dearly bought us with his Blood.
Dearly, dearly, &c.

3. In Guilt's dark Dungeon when we lay;
Mercy cried, "*Spare*;" and Juſtice, "*Slay*:"
But Jeſus anſwer'd, "Set them free;
"And pardon *Them*; and puniſh *Me*."
Pardon, pardon, &c.

4. Salvation is of God alone;
Life everlaſting in his Son:
And he, that gave his Son to bleed,
Will freely give us all we need,
Freely, freely, &c.

5. Believe the Goſpel; and rejoice.
Sing to the Lord with chearful Voice.
His Goodneſs praiſe; his Wonders tell,
Who ranſom'd all our Souls from Hell.
Ranſom'd, ranſom'd, &c.

XXXVIII.

XXXVIII.

True, and False, Faith.

1. FAITH's a convincing Proof;
A Suſtance ſound and ſure:
That keeps the Soul ſecur'd enough;
But makes it not ſecure.

2. Notion 's the Harlot's Teſt,
By which the Truth's revil'd:
The Child of Fancy, finely dreſt;
But not the living Child.

3. Faith is by Knowledge fed;
And with Obedience mixt.
Notion is empty, cold, and dead:
And Fancy 's never fixt.

4. True Faith 's the Life of God.
Deep in the Heart it lies.
It lives, and labours under Load;
Tho' dampt, it never dies.

5. A weak'ning, emptying Grace;
That makes us ſtrong and full.
Falſe Faith, tho' ſtout and full in Face,
Weakens and ſtarves the Soul.

6. Opinions in the Head
True Faith as far excels;
As Body differs from a Shade,
Or Kernels from the Shells.

7. To ſee good Bread or Wine
Is not to eat or drink.
So Some, who hear the Word divine,
Do not *believe*, but *think*.

8. T

8. True Faith refines the Heart;
And purifies with Blood:
Takes the whole Goſpel, not a Part;
And holds the Fear of God.

XXXIX.

Sickneſs. 2 Hymns.

1. LORD, hear a reſtleſs Wretch's Groans.
To Thee my Soul in ſecret moans.
My Body's weak, my Heart's unclean.
I pine with Sickneſs; and with Sin.

2. My Strength decays; my Spirits droop.
Bow'd down with Guilt, I can't look up.
I loſe my Life; I loſe my Soul;
Except thy Mercy make me whole.

3. Thou know'ſt what 'tis, Lord, to be ſick:
And, tho' Almighty, haſt been weak.
Sin thou hadſt none; and yet didſt die
For guilty Sinners, ſuch as I.

4. Sin's rankling Sores my Soul corrode.
Oh! heal them with thy balmy Blood.
And if thou doſt my Health reſtore;
Lord, let me ne'er offend thee more.

5. Or if I never more muſt riſe;
But Death's cold Hand muſt cloſe my Eyes,
Pardon my Sins; and take me Home.
O come, Lord Jeſus, quickly come.

XL.

WHEN pining Sickneſs waſtes the Frame,
Acute Diſeaſe, or tiring Pain;
When Life faſt ſpends her feeble Flame,
And all the Help of Man proves vain;

2. Joy-

2. Joyleſs and flat all Things appear;
The Spir'ts are languid, thin the Fleſh;
Med'cines can't eaſe, nor Cordials chear;
Nor Food ſupport, nor Sleep refreſh.

3. Then, then to have Recourſe to God;
To pour a Pray'r in Time of Need;
And feel the Balm of Jeſu's Blood,
This is to find a Friend indeed.

4. And this, O Chriſtian, is thy Lot,
Who cleaveſt to the Lord by Faith.
He 'll never leave thee (doubt it not)
In Pain, in Sickneſs, or in Death.

5. When Fleſh decays; and Heart thus fails;
He ſhall thy Strength and Portion be:
Shall take thy Weakneſs, bear thy Ails;
And ſoftly whiſper, "Truſt in Me."

6. Himſelf ſhall be thy helping Friend;
Thy good Phyſician; nay, thy Nurſe:
To make thy Bed ſhall condeſcend.
And from th' Affliction take the Curſe.

7. Shouldſt thou a Moment's Abſence mourn;
Should ſome ſhort Darkneſs intervene;
He 'll give thee Pow'r, till Light return,
To truſt him, with the Cloud between.

XLI.

Death. 3 Hymns.

1. YE Sons of Men, the Warning take.
A Moment brings us all to Duſt.
Awake from Sin; from Sloth awake.
Reflect, in what you put your Truſt.

2. Lif

2. Life is a Lilly, fair to day;
To-morrow into th' Oven thrown.
Health ſoon will fail, and Strength decay.
No Help in Pow'r; in Riches none.

3. Ah! what avails the pompous Pall?
The *ſable Stoles**, the plumed Herſe?
To rot within ſome ſacred Wall;
Or wound a Stone with lying Verſe?

4. 'Tis deſtin'd, all Men once muſt die,
And after Death receive their Doom.
Then whither will th' ungodly fly?
Or thoſe who careleſsly preſume?

5. Bleſſed are They, and only They,
Who in the Lord, the Saviour, die.
Their Bodies wait Redemption's Day;
And ſleep in Peace, where e'er they lie.

6. Where is thy Vict'ry; where thy Sting,
Thou grieſly King of Terrors, Death?
We Worms defy thee, while we ſing;
And trample on thy Pow'r by Faith.

* *Black Robes.*

XLII.

1. VAIN Man, thy fond Purſuits forbear.
Repent. Thy End is nigh.
Death at the fartheſt can't be far.
Oh! think before thou die.

2. Reflect; thou haſt a Soul to ſave.
Thy Sins; how high they mount!
What are thy Hopes beyond the Grave?
How ſtands that dark Account?

3. Death enters, and there 's no Defence.
His Time there 's none can tell.
He 'll in a Moment call thee hence,
To Heaven; or to Hell.

4. Thy Fleſh, perhaps thy chiefeſt Care,
Shall crawling Worms conſume:
But ah! Deſtruction ſtops not there;
Sin kills beyond the Tomb.

5. To day, the Goſpel calls, to day:
Sinners, it ſpeaks to You.
Let ev'ry one forſake his Way,
And Mercy will enſue;

6. Rich Mercy, dearly bought with Blood;
How vile ſoe'er he be;
Abundant Pardon, Peace with God;
All giv'n entirely free.

XLIII.

1. YE bold blaſpheming Souls,
Whoſe Conſcience nothing ſcares;
Ye carnal cold profeſſing Fools,
Whoſe State 's as bad as Theirs;

2. Ye ſtrong deluded Lights,
Whoſe Faith 's too ſtout to pray;
And ye, whom proud Perfection cheats,
As free from Sin as *They*.

3. The awful Change, not far,
Diſſolves each golden Dream:
Death will diſtinguiſh what you are,
From what you only ſeem.

4. Repent, or you 're undone;
And pray to God with Speed.
Perhaps the Truth may yet be known;
And make you free indeed.

5. The Hour of Death draws nigh.
'Tis Time to drop the Maſk.
Fall at the Feet of Chriſt, and cry.
He gives to all that aſk.

6. Good

6. Good Shepherd of the Sheep,
Aboliſher of Death,
O, give us all Repentance deep,
And purifying Faith.

XLIV.

4 Funeral Hymns.

1. THE Spirits of the Juſt,
Confin'd in Bodies, groan;
Till Death conſigns the Corpſe to Duſt:
And then the Conflict 's done.

2. Jeſus, who came to ſave,
The Lamb for Sinners ſlain,
Perfum'd the Chambers of the Grave;
And made ev'n Death our Gain.

3. Why fear we then to truſt
The Place, where Jeſus lay?
In Quiet reſts our *Brother*'s Duſt:
And thus it ſeems to ſay.

4. "Forbear, my Friends, to weep;
"Since Death has loſt it's Sting.
"Thoſe Chriſtians, that in Jeſus ſleep,
"Our God will with him bring."

5. This Meſſage then receive;
And Grief indulge no more:
Return to work awhile; believe;
And wait the welcome Hour.

XLV.

1. SONS of God by bleſt Adoption,
View the Dead with ſteady Eyes.
What is ſown thus in Corruption,
Shall in Incorruption riſe.

What is ſown in Death's Diſhonour,
Shall revive to Glory's Light.
What is ſown in this weak Manner,
Shall be rais'd in matchleſs Might.

2. Earthly Cavern, to thy keeping
We commit our *Brother's* Duſt.
Keep it ſafely, ſoftly ſleeping;
'Till our Lord demand thy Truſt.
Sweetly ſleep, dear Saint, in Jeſus.
Thou, with Us, ſhalt wake from Death.
Hold he cannot, tho' he ſeize us:
We his Pow'r defy by Faith.

3. Jeſus, thy rich Conſolations
To thy mourning People ſend.
May we all, with Faith and Patience,
Wait for our approaching End.
Keep from Courage vain or vaunted.
For our Change our Hearts prepare.
Give us Confidence undaunted,
Chearful Hope, and godly Fear.

XLVI.

1. CHriſtians, view this ſolemn Scene:
And, if your Souls be ſad,
Look beyond the Cloud between;
And let your Hearts be glad.
Never from your Mem'ry loſe
The Reſurrection of the Juſt.
Death 's a Bleſſing now to thoſe
Who in our Jeſus truſt.

2. Deep interr'd in Earth's dark Womb
The mould'ring Body lies.
But the Chriſtian from the Tomb
Shall ſoon triumphant riſe.

Jeſus

Jeſus Chriſt, the righteous Judge,
For all his People's Sins was ſlain.
Give the Saviour, without Grudge,
The Purchaſe of his Pain.

3. Now the Grave's a downy Bed,
Embroider'd round with Blood.
Say not the Believer's dead;
He only reſts in God.
Lord, we long to be at Home;
Lay down our Heads, and ſleep in Thee.
Come, Lord Jeſus; quickly come;
And ſet thy Pris'ners free.

XLVII.

1. FOuntain of Life, who gav'ſt us Breath;
Eternal Sire, by all ador'd;
Who mak'ſt us Conqu'rors over Death,
Thro' Jeſus our victorious Lord;

2. We give thee Thanks; we ſing thy Praiſe;
For calling thus thy Children home;
And ſhort'ning Tribulation-days,
To hide them in the peaceful Tomb.

3. Jeſus, confiding in thy Name,
Thou King of Saints, thy Body's Head,
We give to Earth the breathleſs Frame,
Rememb'ring thou thyſelf waſt dead.

4. Thine was a bitter Death indeed,
Thou harmleſs ſuff'ring Lamb of God:
Thou haſt from Hell thy People freed;
And drown'd Deſtruction in thy Blood.

XLVIII.

The Resurrection. 3 Hymns.

1. THE Praise of Christ, ye Christians, sound,
His mighty Acts be told.
Death has receiv'd a deadly Wound:
He takes, but cannot hold.

2. Clipt are the greedy Vulture's Claws.
No more we dread his Pow'r.
He gapes with adamantine Jaws,
And grins, but can't devour.

3. Believers in their darksome Graves
Shall start, to Light restor'd;
Forsake their monumental Caves,
And mount to meet the Lord.

4. Not long in Ground the dying Grain
Is hid, or lies forlorn;
But soon revives, and springs again,
And comes to standing Corn.

5. So, waking from the Womb of Earth,
Where Christ has lain before,
And bursting to a better Birth,
We rise to die no more.

6. The Wicked too shall rise again:
The Diff'rence will be this.
They rise to everlasting Pain;
And Saints to endless Bliss.

XLIX.

1. PLeas'd we read, in sacred Story,
How our Lord resum'd his Breath.
Where, O Grave, 's thy conqu'ring Glory?
Where 's thy Sting, thou Phantom,
Death?

Soon

Soon thy Jaws, reſtrain'd from chewing,
Muſt diſgorge their ranſom'd Prey.
Man firſt gave thee Pow'r to ruin:
Man too takes that Pow'r away.

2. I am *Alpha*, ſays the Saviour;
I *Omega* likewiſe am.
I was dead; and live for ever,
God Almighty and the Lamb.
In the Lord is our Perfection;
And in Him our Boaſt we 'll make.
We ſhall ſhare his Reſurrection,
If we of his Death partake.

3. Ye that die without Repentance,
Ye muſt riſe, when Chriſt appears;
Riſe to hear your dreadful Sentence,
While the Saints rejoice in theirs.
You to dwell with Fiends infernal,
They with Jeſus Chriſt to reign:
They go into Life eternal,
You to everlaſting Pain.

4. Bold Rebellion, baſe Backſliding,
Stop your Courſe; reflect with Dread.
In Deſtruction there 's no Hiding:
Death and Hell give up their Dead.
Ev'ry Sea, and Lake, and River
Shall reſtore their Dead to View.
Shout for Gladneſs, O Believer;
Chriſt is ris'n; and ſo ſhall You.

L

1. YE Chriſtians, hear the joyful News.
Death has receiv'd a deadly Bruiſe.
Our Lord has made his Empire fall:
And conquer'd Him that conquer'd all.
Conquer'd, conquer'd, conquer'd, conquer'd,
conquer'd Him that conquer'd all.

2. Tho'

2. Tho' doom'd are all Men once to die;
Yet we by Faith Death's Pow'r defy.
We ſoon ſhall feel his Bands unbound,
Awaken'd by th' Archangel's Sound.
Waken'd, waken'd, &c.

3. The Trump of God ſhall rend the Rocks;
And open adamantine Locks.
Come forth the Dead from Death's dark Dome;
And Jeſus calls his Ranſom'd home.
Jeſus, Jeſus, &c.

4. Ye Sinners, timely Warning take.
Turn to the Lord; your Ways forſake:
And hope, thro' God 's almighty Pow'r,
The happy Reſurrection-hour.
Happy, happy, &c.

LI.

The Day of Judgment. 3 Hymns.

1. AWake, ye ſleeping Souls, awake;
And hear the God of Iſr'el ſpeak.
His Word is faithful, firm, and true.
Sinners, attend; he ſpeaks to You.

2. Mercy and Vengeance in me dwell.
One lifts to Heav'n; one caſts to Hell.
My Favor 's more than Life; my Wrath
Will burn beyond the Bounds of Death.

3. Short is the Space, and Death muſt come:
And after Death the Day of Doom;
When Quick and Dead the Judge ſhall call;
And deal their due Deſerts to all.

4. Fixt in their everlaſting State,
Could Men repent, 'twere then too late:
Juſtice

Juſtice has bolted Mercy's Door;
And God's Long-ſuff'ring is no more.

5. 'Tis *now* the Goſpel Meſſage ſent
Commands Repentance; *now* repent.
Wiſely be warn'd; to Refuge run:
Obey the Father, kiſs the Son.

6. In Chriſt receive the Gift of God,
Complete Redemption thro' his Blood;
Mercy triumphant; Sin forgiv'n;
And everlaſting Life in Heav'n.

LII.

1. BEhold! with awful Pomp,
The Judge prepares to come.
Th' Archangel ſounds the dreadful Trump;
And wakes the gen'ral Doom.

2. Nature, in wild Amaze,
Her Diſſolution mourns.
Bluſhes of Blood the Moon deface;
The Sun to Darkneſs turns.

3. The Living look with Dread:
The frighted Dead ariſe;
Start from the monumental Bed,
And lift their ghaſtly Eyes.

4. Horrors all Hearts appall.
They quake; they ſhriek; they cry;
Bid Rocks and Mountains on them fall;
But Rocks and Mountains fly.

5. Ye wilful wanton Fools,
Let Danger make you wiſe.
Carnal Profeſſors, careleſs Souls,
Uncloſe your lazy Eyes.

6. 'Tis

6. 'Tis Time we all awake;
The dreadful Day draws near.
Sinners, your proud Preſumption check,
And ſtop your wild Career.

7. Now is th' accepted Time.
To Chriſt for Mercy fly.
O, turn, repent, and truſt in Him;
And you ſhall never die.

8. Great God, in whom we live,
Prepare us for that Day.
Help us in Jeſus to believe,
To watch, and wait, and pray.

LIII.

1. SInner, that ſlumb'reſt on the Brink
Of Hell's devouring Lake,
O think on Death; on Judgment think.
What mean'ſt thou, Sleeper? Wake.

2. Soon ſhall the Lord himſelf deſcend,
The Clouds before him riv'n.
A ſudden Shout the Earth ſhall rend;
And ſhake the Pow'rs of Heav'n.

3. Myriads of Angels bright ſhall wait,
His Orders to obey:
And ranſom'd Saints triumphant meet,
As bright and bleſt as *They*.

4. The King ſhall ſend his Summons forth:
His Meſſengers ſhall ſpeed,
From Eaſt and Weſt, from South and North,
To cite the Quick and Dead.

5. But ah! what pale, what ghaſtly Looks!
When guilty Wretches come,
To hear, from God's unerring Books,
Their juſt tho' dreadful Doom!

6. Con-

6. Convinc'd of ev'ry wanton Word,
Of ev'ry daring Sin,
Of Speeches hard againſt the Lord,
And Thoughts and Acts unclean.

7. Save us, O Jeſus, by thy Death;
And cleanſe us in thy Blood.
Give us to live and die in Faith;
And wait the Trump of God.

LIV.

Hell.

1. THE Dev'l can Self-denial uſe,
And that with dev'liſh ſelfiſh Views;
His Being and his State diſown;
And teach, that Dev'l or Hell there 's none.

2. But hear the Words of God, O Man.
" Sinners, amongſt you all who can
" With everlaſting Burnings dwell?
" The Wicked ſhall be caſt to Hell."

3. Hell is that woful dreadful Place,
Where Jeſus never ſhews his Face.
Where Sinners damn'd with Dev'ls remain,
In hopeleſs Horrors, endleſs Pain!

4. God's Wrath without his Mercy 's there.
Wrath without Mercy who can bear?
How hot the Fire, how huge the Load,
Thy Suff'rings ſhew, thou Son of God.

5. O Man, let Goodneſs make thee melt.
Conſider what the Lord has felt.
Repent, and to thy Saviour turn;
Who burn'd, that thou might'ſt never burn.

LV.

Heaven.

1. YE Souls that truſt in Chriſt, rejoice;
Your Sins are all forgiv'n.
Let ev'ry Chriſtian lift his Voice,
And ſing the Joys of Heav'n.

2. Heav'n is that holy happy Place,
Where Sin no more defiles.
Where God unveils his bliſsful Face;
And looks, and loves, and ſmiles.

3. Where Jeſus, Son of Man and God,
Triumphant from his Wars,
Walks in rich Garments dipt in Blood;
And ſhews his glorious Scars.

4. Where ranſom'd Sinners ſound God's Prai
Th' angelic Hoſts among;
Sing the rich Wonders of his Grace:
And Jeſus leads the Song.

5. Where Saints are free from ev'ry Load
Of Paſſions, or of Pains.
God dwells in Them; and they in God:
And Love for ever reigns.

6. Eye hath not ſeen, nor Ear hath heard,
Nor can the Heart conceive,
All that the Blood of Chriſt procur'd,
Or all that God can give.

7. Lord, as thou ſhew'ſt thy Glory there,
Make known thy Grace to Us:
And Heav'n will not be wanting here,
While we can hymn thee thus.

8. Jeſ

8. Jeſus our dear Redeemer died,
That we might be forgiv'n;
Roſe, that we might be juſtified;
And ſends the Spir't from Heav'n.

LVI.

Good Works. 3 Hymns.

1. IN vain Men talk of living Faith,
When all their Works exhibit Death,
When they indulge ſome ſinful View
In all they ſay, and all they do.

2. The true Believer fears the Lord;
Obeys his Precepts; keeps his Word;
Commits his Works to God alone;
And ſeeks *His* Will before his own.

3. A barren Tree, that bears no Fruit,
Brings no great Glory to its Root.
When on the Boughs rich Fruit we ſee,
'Tis then we cry, "A goodly Tree!"

4. Never did Men by Faith divine
To Selfiſhneſs or Sloth incline.
The Chriſtian works with all his Pow'r:
And grieves that he can work no more.

LVII.

1. WHEN filthy Paſſions or unjuſt
Profeſſors Minds controul;
When Men give up the Reins to Luſt;
And Int'reſt ſways the whole;

2. Or when they ſeek themſelves to pleaſe,
Decline each thorny Road,
Indulge their Sloth, conſult their Eaſe,
And ſlight the Fear of God;

3. The Faith is vain ſuch Men profeſs;
It comes not from above:
The righteous Man does Righteouſneſs;
And true Faith works by Love.

4. Men's Actions with their Minds will ſuit:
By Them the Heart is view'd.
A Tree that bears corrupted Fruit
Cannot be called good.

5. The Chriſtian ſeeks his Brother's Good,
Sometimes beyond his own:
Or if Self-int'reſt will intrude,
It does not reign alone.

6. Help us, dear Lord, to honour Thee.
Let our good Works abound.
Thou art that green, that fruitful Tree;
From Thee our Fruit is found.

LVIII.

1. VAIN Man, to boaſt forbear
The Knowledge in thy Head.
The ſacred Scriptures this declare;
Faith without Works is dead.

2. When Chriſt the Judge ſhall come,
To render each his Due,
He 'll deal thy Deeds their righteous Doom,
And ſet thy Works in View.

3. Food to the Hungry give;
Give to the Thirſty Drink.
To follow Chriſt is to *believe*;
Dead Faith is but to *think*.

4. The Man that loves the Lord
Will mind whate'er he bid;

Will

Will pay Regard to all his Word;
And do as Jeſus did.

5. The dead Profeſſor counts
Good Works as legal Ties.
His Faith to Action ſeldom mounts;
On Doctrine he relies.

6. But Words engender Strife.
Behold the Goſpel-Plan.
Truſt in the Lord alone for Life;
And do what Good you can.

LIX.

Repentance. 2 Hymns.

1. WHAT various Ways do Men invent
To give the Conſcience Eaſe?
Some ſay, Believe; and Some, Repent;
And ſome ſay, Strive to pleaſe.

2. But, Brethren, Chriſt and Chriſt alone
Can rightly do the Thing.
Nor ever can the Way be known,
'Till He Salvation bring.

3. What mean the Men that ſay, Believe;
And let Repentance go?
What Comfort can the Soul receive
That never felt it's Woe?

4. Chriſt ſays, "That I might Sinners call
"To Penitence, I 'm ſent."
And, "Likewiſe ye ſhall periſh all,
"Except ye do repent."

5. Thoſe who are call'd by Grace divine
Believe, but not alone:
Repentance to their Faith they join;
And ſo go ſafely on.

6. But ſhould Repentance, or ſhould Faith,
Should Both deficient ſeem;
Jeſus gives Both (the Scripture ſaith)
Then aſk them Both of Him.

LX.

1. REpentance is a Gift beſtow'd,
To ſave a Soul from Death.
Goſpel-Repentance towards God
Is always join'd to Faith.

2. Not for an Hour, a Day, or Week,
Do Saints Repentance own;
But all the Time the Lord they ſeek
At Sin they grieve and groan.

3. Nor is it ſuch a diſmal Thing,
As 'tis by ſome Men nam'd:
A Sinner may repent and ſing,
Rejoice and be aſham'd.

4. 'Tis not the Fear of Hell alone,
For that may prove extreme.
Repenting Saints the Saviour own;
And grieve for grieving Him.

5. If Penitence be quite left out,
Religion is but halt;
And Hope, tho' e'er ſo clear of Doubt,
Like Off'rings without Salt.

LXI.

Believe only. Luke viii. 50.

1. ZEAL extinguiſh'd to a Spark!
Life is very very low;
All my Evidences dark!
And good Works I've none to ſhew.

Pray'r

Pray'r too ſeems a Load.
Ordinances teize or tire.
I can feel no Love to God;
Hardly have a good Deſire.

2. Tho' thy fainting Spirits droop;
Yet thy God is with thee ſtill.
To believe in Hope 'gainſt Hope;
And againſt thee all things feel;
Only to *believe*,
'Midſt thy Coldneſs, Doubts, and Death;
Can'ſt thou not, poor Soul, perceive,
This is now thy Work of Faith?

LXII.

Chriſt is holy. 2 Hymns.

1. JESUS, Lord of Life and Peace,
To Thee we lift our Voice.
Teach us at thy Holineſs
To tremble and rejoice.
Sweet and terrible 's thy Word:
Thou and thy Word are both the ſame.
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
We love thy holy Name.

2. Burning Seraphs round thy Throne
Beyond all Brightneſs bright,
Bow their baſhful Heads, and own
Their own diminiſh'd Light.
Worthy thou to be ador'd,
Lord God almighty, great I AM!
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
We love thy holy Name.

3. Saints, in whom thy Spirit dwells,
Pour out their Souls to Thee;

Each his Tale in ſecret tells;
And ſighs to be ſet free.
Chriſt admir'd, themſelves abhorr'd,
They cry, with Awe, Delight, and Shame,
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
We love thy holy Name.

4. Men whoſe Hearts admit not Fear
At thy Perfections aw'd,
Uſe thy Name, but not revere
The holy Child of God;
Theſe thy Kingdom own in Word:
Save us from Loyalty ſo lame.
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
We love thy holy Name.

5. Juſt and righteous is our King,
Glorious in Holineſs:
Tho' we tremble, while we ſing,
We would not wiſh it leſs.
Souls by whom the Truth 's explor'd
Wonders of Mercy beſt proclaim.
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
We love thy holy Name.

LXIII.

1. GOD is a high and holy God,
Eternally the ſame.
Holineſs is his bleſt Abode;
And HOLY is his Name.

2. The holy Father, holy Ghoſt,
Men readily will own;
But 'tis a Bleſſing few can boaſt,
To know the holy Son.

3. With Hearts of Flint, and Fronts of Braſs,
Some talk of Chriſt their Head;

And

And make the living Lord, alas!
Companion with the Dead.

4. Familiar Freedom, luſcious Names,
To Chriſt ſome fondly uſe.
Viſions of Wonder, flaſhy Frames,
Are Others utmoſt Views.

5. By Things like theſe Men often run
To this, or that Extreme.
But that Man truly knows the Son,
Who loves to live like Him.

6. Lord, help us by thy mighty Pow'r
To gain our conſtant View;
Which is, that we may know thee more,
And more reſemble too.

LXIV.

The ſtony Heart.

1. OH! for a Glance of heav'nly Day,
To take this ſtubborn Stone away;
And thaw with Beams of Love divine
This Heart, this frozen Heart of mine.

2. The Rocks can rent; the Earth can quake;
The Seas can roar; the Mountains ſhake;
Of Feeling all Things ſhew ſome Sign;
But this unfeeling Heart of mine.

3. To hear the Sorrows thou haſt felt,
Dear Lord, an A anant would melt:
But I can read each moving Line,
And nothing move this Heart of mine.

4. Thy Judgments too unmov'd I hear,
(Amazing Thought!) which Devils fear.
Goodneſs and Wrath in vain combine,
To ſtir this ſtupid Heart of mine.

5. But

5. But ſomething yet can do the Deed:
And that dear Something much I need.
Thy Spirit can from Droſs refine,
And move and melt this Heart of mine.

LXV.

Worthy is the Lamb that was ſlain, &c.
Rev. v. 12.

1. WE ſing thy Praiſe, exalted Lamb,
Who ſitt'ſt upon the Throne.
Ten thouſand Bleſſings on thy Name,
Who worthy art alone.
Thy bruiſed broken Body bore
Our Sins upon the Tree.
And now thou liv'ſt for evermore:
And now we live thro' Thee. *Hal.*

2. Poor Sinners, ſing the Lamb that died.
(What Theme can ſound ſo ſweet?)
His drooping Head, his ſtreaming Side,
His pierced Hands and Feet,
With all that Scene of ſuff'ring Love,
Which Faith preſents to View.
For now he lives and reigns above:
And lives and reigns for You.

3. Was ever Grace, Lord, rich as thine?
Can ought be with it nam'd?
What pow'rful Beams of Love divine
Thy tender Heart inflam'd!
Ye Angels, hymn his glorious Name,
Who lov'd and conquer'd thus.
And we will likewiſe laud the Lamb:
For he was ſlain for Us.

LXVI.

Set your Affection on Things above. Col. iii. 2.

1. COME raiſe your thankful Voice,
Ye Souls redeem'd with Blood.
Leave Earth and all its Toys:
And mix no more with Mud.
Dearly we 're bought, highly eſteem'd,
Redeem'd, with Jeſu's Blood redeem'd.

2. Chriſtians are Prieſts and Kings,
All born of heav'nly Birth.
Then think on nobler Things;
And grovel not in Earth.
Dearly we 're bought, highly eſteem'd,
Redeem'd, with Jeſu's Blood redeem'd.

3. With Heart and Soul and Mind
Exalt redeeming Love.
Leave worldly Cares behind;
And ſet your Minds above.
Dearly we 're bought, highly eſteem'd,
Redeem'd, with Jeſu's Blood redeem'd.

4. Lift up your raviſh'd Eyes,
And view the Glory giv'n:
All lower Things deſpiſe,
Ye Citizens of Heav'n.
Dearly we 're bought, highly eſteem'd,
Redeem'd, with Jeſu's Blood redeem'd.

5. Be to this World as dead,
Alive to that to come.
Our Life in Chriſt is hid;
Who ſoon ſhall call us home.
Dearly we 're bought, highly eſteem'd,
Redeem'd, with Jeſu's Blood redeem'd.

LXVII.

Praiſing Chriſt.

1. JESUS Chriſt, God's holy Lamb, *Hal.*
We will laud thy lovely Name.
We were ſav'd by God's Decree:
And our Debt was paid by Thee.

2. Thou haſt waſh'd us in thy Blood.
Made us Kings and Prieſts to God.
Take this Tribute of the Poor:
Leſs we can't, we can't give more.

3. Souls redeem'd, your Voices raiſe;
Sing your dear Redeemer's Praiſe.
Worthy thou of Love and Laud,
King of Saints, incarnate God.

4. Righteous are thy Ways, and true;
Endleſs Honours are thy Due.
Grace and Glory in thee ſhine;
Matchleſs Mercy, Love divine.

5. We, for whom thou once waſt ſlain,
We thy ranſom'd Sinner-Train,
In this one Requeſt agree:
"Make us more reſemble Thee."

LXVIII.

Backſliders. 3 Hymns.

1. BAckſliding Souls, return to God.
Your faithful God is gracious ſtill.
Leave the falſe Ways ye long have trod;
And He will all Backſlidings heal.

2. Your firſt Eſpouſals call to mind.
'Tis time ye ſhould be now reclaim'd.

What

What Fruit could ever Chriſtians find,
In Things whereof they 're now aſham'd?

3. The Indignation of the Lord
A while endure; for 'tis your Due.
But firm and ſtedfaſt ſtands his Word.
Tho' you are faithleſs, He is true.

4. Poor famiſh'd Prodigal, come home:
Thy Father's Houſe is open yet.
Much greater Mercy bids thee come
Than all thy Sins, tho' theſe are great.

5. The Blood of Chriſt (a precious Blood!)
Cleanſes from all Sin (doubt it not)
And reconciles the Soul to God,
From ev'ry Folly, ev'ry Fau't.

LXIX.

1. DEſerters, to the Camp return:
Reſume your former Poſt.
Bewail your Crimes, your Baſeneſs mourn.
For yet Ye are not loſt.

2. Yours is a ſad, a dang'rous Caſe.
Be humble, and repent.
Mercy you 'll find, tho' e'er ſo baſe,
The Moment you relent.

3. Sinners are ſav'd by Jeſu's Blood,
How vile ſoe'er they be.
Eternal Life 's the Gift of God;
And Gifts are always free.

4. 'Tis not by Works of Righteouſneſs,
Which any Man has done;
But God has ſent his Son to bleſs:
Return, and kiſs the Son.

LXX.

LXX.

1. FROM pois'nous Errors, pleaſing Cheats,
And gilded Baits of Sin,
Which ſwallow'd as delicious Meats,
Infect and rot within;

2. Lord, pardon a Backſlider baſe
Returning from the Dead,
Aſham'd to ſhew his ſhameful Face,
Or lift his guilty Head.

3. Ah! What a Fool have I been made?
Or rather made myſelf!
That Mariner's mad Part I play'd,
That ſees, yet ſtrikes the Shelf.

4. How weak muſt be this wicked Heart;
Which, boaſting much to know,
Made light of all thy bitter Smart;
And wanton'd with thy Woe!

5. Monſtrous Ingratitude, I own,
Well worthy Wrath divine!
Can Blood ſuch horrid Crimes atone?
Yes; Blood ſo rich as Thine.

6. Then ſince thy Mercy makes me melt,
My Baſeneſs I deplore.
Regard the Grief and Shame I've felt,—
And daily make them more.

LXXI.

His Mercy endureth for ever. Pſal. cxxxvi.

1. GOD's Mercy is for ever ſure.
Eternal is his Name.
His Mercy is for ever ſure.
As long as Life and Speech endure,
My Tongue, this Truth proclaim.
His Mercy is for ever ſure.

2.

2. I baſely ſinn'd againſt his Love:
And yet my God was good.
His Mercy is for ever ſure.
His Favour nothing could remove:
For I was bought with Blood.
His Mercy is for ever ſure.

3. That precious Blood atones all Sin;
And fully clears from Guilt.
His Mercy is for ever ſure.
It makes the fouleſt Sinner clean:
For 'twas for Sinners ſpilt.
His Mercy is for ever ſure.

4. He rais'd me from the loweſt State;
When Hell was my Deſert.
His Mercy is for ever ſure.
I broke his Law; and (worſe than that)
Alas! I broke his Heart.
His Mercy is for ever ſure.

5. My Soul, thou haſt (let what will ail)
A never changing Friend.
His Mercy is for ever ſure.
When Brethren, Friends, and Helpers fail,
On Him alone depend.
His Mercy is for ever ſure.

LXXII.

The Lord our Righteouſneſs. Jer. xxiii. 6.

1. JEHOVAH is my Righteouſneſs:
In Him alone I 'll boaſt.
Jehovah is my Righteouſneſs.
My Tongue his Mercy ſhall confeſs,
Who ſeeks and ſaves the loſt.
Jehovah is my Righteouſneſs.

2. When ſunk in Fears, with Anguiſh preſt,
Bow'd down with weighty Woe;
Jehovah is my Righteouſneſs.
My weary Soul in Him finds Reſt:
From Him my Comforts flow.
Jehovah is my Righteouſneſs.

3. I 'll lay me down, and ſweetly ſleep;
For I have Peace with God.
Jehovah is my Righteouſneſs.
And when I wake, he ſhall me keep;
Thro' Faith in Jeſu's Blood.
Jehovah is my Righteouſneſs.

4. Ten thouſand and ten thouſand Foes
Shall not my Soul deſtroy.
Jehovah is my Righteouſneſs.
My God their Counſels overthrows;
And turns my Grief to Joy.
Jehovah is my Righteouſneſs.

LXXIII.

Salvation to the Lamb.

1. POOR Sinner, come, caſt off thy Fear;
And raiſe thy drooping Head.
Come, ſing, with all poor Sinners here,
Jeſus, who once was dead.
Salvation ſing; no Word more meet
To join to *Jeſu*'s Name.
Let ev'ry thankful Tongue repeat,
Salvation to the Lamb.

2. Saints, from the Garden to the Croſs
Your conqu'ring Lord purſue.
Who, dearly to redeem your Loſs,
Groan'd, bled, and died for You:

Now

Now reigns victorious over Death,
The glorious great I AM.
Let ev'ry Soul repeat, with Faith,
Salvation to the Lamb.

3. When we incurr'd the Wrath of God;
(Alas! what could we worse?)
He came, and with his own Heart's Blood
Redeem'd us from the Curse.
This Paschal Lamb, our heav'nly Meat,
Was roasted in the Flame.
Repeat, ye ransom'd Souls, repeat,
Salvation to the Lamb.

LXXIV.

Baptism. 3 Hymns.

1. FAther of Heav'n, we Thee address;
(Obedience is our View)
Accept us in thy Son; and bless
The Work we have to do.

2. Jesus, as Water well applied
Will make the Body clean;
So in the Fountain of thy Side
Wash Thou the Soul from Sin.

3. Celestial Dove, descend from high,
And on the Water brood;
And with thy quick'ning Pow'r apply
The Water and the Blood.

4. Great God, Three-One, again we call,
And our Requests renew:
Accept in Christ; and bless withal
The Work we 've now to do.

LXXV.

1. BY what amazing Ways,
The Lord vouchsafes t' explain
The Wonders of his sov'reign Grace
Towards the Sons of Men!

2. He shews us first, how foul
Our Nature 's made by Sin.
Then teaches the believing Soul
The Way to make it clean.

3. Our Baptism first declares
What Need we 've all to cleanse.
Then shews that Christ to all God's Heirs
Can Purity dispense.

4. Water the Body laves:
And, if 'tis done by Faith,
The Blood of Jesus surely saves
The sinful Soul from Death.

5. Water no Man denies:
But, Brethren, rest not there;
'Tis Faith in Christ that justifies,
And makes the Conscience clear.

6. Baptiz'd into his Death,
We rise to Life divine.
The Holy Spirit works the Faith;
And Water is the Sign.

LXXVI.

1. BURIED in Baptism with our Lord,
We rise with Him, to Life restor'd:
Not the bare Life in *Adam* lost,
But richer far; for more it cost.

2. Water

2. Water can cleanſe the Fleſh, we own;
But Chriſt well knows, and Chriſt alone,
How dear to Him our cleanſing ſtood,
Baptiz'd with Fire, and bath'd in Blood.

3. *His* was a Baptiſm deep indeed,
O'er Feet and Body, Hands and Head.
He in his Body purg'd our Sin;
A little Water makes Us clean.

4. Not but we taſte his bitter Cup;
But only He could drink it up.
To burn for Us was his Deſire:
And he baptizes us with Fire.

5. This Fire will not conſume, but melt.
How ſoft, compar'd with that He felt!
Thus cleans'd from Filth, and purg'd from Droſs,
Baptized Chriſtian, bear the Croſs.

LXXVII.

Hymn, at recommending a Miniſter.

1. HOLY Ghoſt, inſpire our Praiſes;
Touch our Hearts, and tune our Tongues.
While we laud the Name of *Jeſus*,
Heav'n will gladly ſhare our Songs.
Hoſts of Angels bright and glorious,
While we hymn our common King,
Will be proud to join the Chorus:
And the Lord himſelf ſhall ſing.

2. Raiſe we then our chearful Voices,
To our God; who, full of Grace,
In our Happineſs rejoices,
And delights to hear us praiſe.

Whoſo lives upon his Promiſe,
Eats his Fleſh and drinks his Blood.
All that 's paſt, and all to come, is
For that Soul's eternal Good.

3. Happy Soul! that hears and follows
Jeſus ſpeaking in his Word.
Paul, and *Cephas*, and *Apollos*,
All are his in Chriſt the Lord.
Ev'ry State, howe'er diſtreſſing,
Shall be Profit in the End;
Ev'ry Ordinance a Bleſſing;
Ev'ry Providence a Friend.

4. Chriſtian, doſt thou want a Teacher,
Helper, Counſellor, or Guide?
Wouldſt thou find a proper Preacher?
Aſk thy God; and he 'll provide.
Build on no Man's Parts or Merit,
But behold the Goſpel-Plan.
Jeſus ſends his Holy Spirit;
And the Spirit ſends the Man.

5. Bleſs, dear Lord, each lab'ring Servant;
Bleſs the Work they undertake.
Make them able, faithful, fervent:
Bleſs them for thy Church's Sake.
All Things for our Good are given,
Comforts, Croſſes, Staffs, or Rods.
All is ours in Earth and Heaven:
We are Chriſt's; and Chriſt is God's.

LXXVIII.

At Diſmiſſion. 5 Hymns.

1. DISMISS us with thy Bleſſing, Lord.
Help us to feed upon thy Word.
All that has been amiſs forgive:
And let thy Truth within us live.

2. Tho'

2. Tho' We are guilty, Thou art good.
Waſh all our Works in Jeſu's Blood.
Give ev'ry fetter'd Soul Releaſe;
And bid us all depart in Peace.

LXXIX.

1. ONCE more, before we part,
We 'll bleſs the Saviour's Name.
Record his Mercies, ev'ry Heart;
Sing, ev'ry Tongue, the ſame.
2. Hoard up his ſacred Word;
And feed thereon; and grow.
Go on to ſeek to know the Lord;
And practiſe what you know.

LXXX.

1. LORD, help us on thy Word to feed,
In Peace diſmiſs us hence.
Be Thou, in ev'ry Time of Need,
Our Refuge and Defence.
2. We now deſire to bleſs thy Name;
And in our Hearts record,
And with our thankful Tongues proclaim,
The Goodneſs of the Lord.

LXXXI.

GUardian of thy helpleſs Sheep,
Jeſus, Almighty Lord,
Help our heedful Hearts to keep
The Treaſure of thy Word.
Let not Satan ſteal what 's ſown.
Bid it bring forth precious Fruit.

Thou

Thou canſt ſoften Hearts of Stone;
And make thy Word take Root.

LXXXII.

FAther, 'ere we hence depart,
Send thy good Spirit down,
To reſide in ev'ry Heart,
And bleſs the Seed that 's ſown.
Fountain of eternal Love,
Thou freely gav'ſt thy Son to die:
Send thy Spirit from above,
To quicken and apply.

DOXOLOGIES.

I.

O Praiſe the Lord, ye heav'nly Hoſt:
The ſame on Earth be done.
Praiſe Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
The great, the good Three-One.

II.

TO the great Godhead, Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Be Glory, Praiſe, and Honour giv'n
By all on Earth, and all in Heav'n.

III.

WITH all the heav'nly Hoſt,
Let Chriſtians join to laud
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
Our Saviour and our God.

IV.

GIVE Glory to God,
Ye Children of Men;
And publiſh abroad
Again and again
The Son's glorious Merit,
The Father's free Grace,
The Gifts of the Spirit,
To Adam's loſt Race.

V.

GLORY to th' Eternal be,
Three in One, and One in Three,
God that pitied Sinners loſt,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt;

VI.

YE Sons of Men, your Voices raiſe;
And ſing th' eternal Father's Praiſe;
And glorify the Son;
Give Glory to the Holy Ghoſt;
And join with all th' Angelic Hoſt
To bleſs the great Three-One.

VII.

WE laud thy Name, Almighty Lord,
The Father of all Grace.
We laud thy Name, Incarnate Word,
Who ſav'dſt a ſinful Race.
We laud thy Name, bleſt Spir't of Truth,
Who doſt Salvation ſeal,
Incline the Heart, uncloſe the Mouth,
And ſanctify the Will.

APPEN-

APPENDIX.

Chaſtiſement. 3 Hymns.

I.

1. HAPPY the Man that bears the Stroke
Of his chaſtiſing God;
Nor ſtubbornly rejects his Yoke,
Nor faints beneath his Rod.

2. They who the Lord's Correction ſhare,
Find Favour in his Eyes:
As kindeſt Fathers will not ſpare
Their Children to chaſtiſe.

3. Thy Lord for Nothing would not chide:
Thou highly ſhouldſt eſteem
The Croſs that's ſent to purge thy Pride,
And make thee more like Him.

4. For his Correction render Praiſe;
'Tis giv'n thee for thy Good.
The Laſh is ſteep'd, he on thee lays,
And ſoften'd in his Blood.

5. Know, whom the Saviour favours much,
Their Fault he oft reproves:
He takes peculiar Care of ſuch;
And chaſtens whom he loves.

6. Then kiſs the Rod; thy Sins confeſs.
It ſhall a Bleſſing prove;
And yield the Fruits of Righteouſneſs,
Humility and Love.

II.

1. GOLD in the Furnace tried
Ne'er loſes ought but Droſs:
So is the Chriſtian purified,
And better'd by the Croſs.

2. Afflic-

2. Afflictions make us ſee
(What elſe would 'ſcape our Sight)
How very foul and dim are We;
And God how pure and bright.

3. The puniſh'd Child repents;
The Parent's Bowels move:
Th' offended Father ſoon relents,
And turns with double Love.

4. If God rebuke for Pride,
He 'll humble thy proud Heart:
If for thy Want of Love he chide,
That Love he will impart.

5. He ſhall, by Means like theſe,
Thy ſtubborn Temper break,
Soften thy Heart, by due Degrees,
And make thy Spirit meek.

6. His Chaſt'ning therefore prize,
The Priv'lege of a Saint:
Their Hearts are hard who that deſpiſe;
And theirs too weak who faint.

III.

1. TO Thee, my God, I make my Plaint;
To thee my trembling Soul draws near:
Let not thy Chaſt'ning make me faint;
Nor Guilt o'erwhelm me with Deſpair.

2. What tho' thou frown to try my Faith?
What tho' thy heavy Hand afflict?
Thou wilt not give me up to Death;
Nor enter into Judgment ſtrict.

3. I know thy Judgments, Lord, are right.
Thy Rod commands me to repent.
If with my Sin compar'd, 'tis light:
And all in Faithfulneſs is ſent.

4. What

4. What would my Blood avail, if ſpilt?
Thou haſt in richer Blood been paid;
When all my dreadful Debt of Guilt
Was on my dying Saviour laid.

5. Then help me by thy Grace to bear
Whate'er thou ſend to purge my Droſs.
If in his Crown I hope to ſhare,
Why ſhould I grudge to bear his Croſs?

6. Tho' thou ſeverely with me deal,
Still will I in thy Mercy truſt.
Accompliſh in me all thy Will:
Only remember, I am Duſt.

IV.

Praying for Fruitfulneſs. 2 Hymns.

1. LORD, if with thee Part I bear;
If I thro' thy Word am clean;
In thy Mercy if I ſhare;
If thy Blood has purg'd my Sin;
To my needy Soul impart
Thy good Spirit from above,
To enrich my barren Heart
With HUMILITY and LOVE.

2. Lord, my Heart, a Deſart vaſt,
Thy manuring Hand requires.
Sin has laid my Vineyard waſte,
Overgrown with Weeds and Bri'rs.
Thou canſt make this Deſart bloom.
Breathe, oh! breathe, celeſtial Dove;
Till it blow with rich Perfume
Of HUMILITY and LOVE.

3. Vanquiſh in me Luſt and Pride.
All my Stubbornneſs ſubdue.
Smile me into Fruit—or chide,
If no milder Means will do.

Ah!

Ah! compaſſionate my Caſe;
Let the *Poor* thy Pity move.
Give me, of thy boundleſs Grace,
Give HUMILITY and LOVE.

4. Why ſhould One that bears thy Name,
Why ſhould thy adopted Child,
Be in Rags expos'd to Shame,
Like a Savage fierce and wild?
With thy Children I would ſit;
And not like an Alien rove:
Cloath my Soul, and make it fit,
With HUMILITY and LOVE.

5. Greateſt Sinners, greatly ſpar'd,
Love much; and themſelves debaſe.
Mine 's a Paradox too hard,
Rich of Mercy, poor of Grace.
Me thou haſt forgiven much,
(This my Sins too plainly prove)
Give me, what thou giveſt ſuch,
Much HUMILITY and LOVE.

V.

1. JESUS, to Thee I make my Moan;
My doleful Tale I tell to Thee:
For Thou canſt help, and Thou alone,
A lifeleſs Lump of Sin like Me.

2. Fain would I find Increaſe of Faith;
Fain would I ſee freſh Graces bloom.
But, ah! my Heart 's a barren Heath
Blaſted with Cold, and black with Gloom.

3. True; thou haſt kindly giv'n me Light.
I know what Chriſtians ought to be.
But did thy Blind receive their Sight
Nothing but diſmal Things to ſee?

4. Tho' Winter waſte the Earth awhile,
Spring ſoon revives the verdant Meads.
The ripening Fields in Summer ſmile;
And Autumn with rich Crops ſucceeds.

5. But I from Month to Month complain.
I feel no Warmth; no Fruits I ſee.
I look for Life; but dead remain:
'Tis Winter all the Year with Me.

6. Yet Sin's rank Weeds within me live;
Barrenneſs is not all I bear:
I do not ſo for *Nothing* grieve;
Alas! there 's worſe than *Nothing* there.

7. Still on thy Promiſe I'll rely,
From whom alone my Fruit is found:
Until the Spirit from on high
Enrich the dry and barren Ground.

VI.

The Brazen Serpent. Num. xxi.

1. WHEN the choſen Tribes debated
'Gainſt their God, as hardly treated,
And complain'd their Hopes were ſpilt;
God, for murm'ring to requite them,
Fiery Serpents ſent to bite them.
Lively Type of deadly Guilt.

2. Stung by theſe they ſoon repented:
And their God as ſoon relented.
Moſes pray'd: He Anſwer gave.
"Serpents are the Beaſts that ſtrike them,
"Make, of Braſs, a Serpent like them.
"That 's the Way I chuſe to ſave."

3. Vain was Bandage, Oil, or Plaiſter:
Rankling Venom kill'd the faſter;
Till the Serpent Moſes took,

Rear'd

Rear'd it high, that all might view it,
Bid the Bitten look up to it:
Life attended ev'ry Look.

4. Jeſus thus, for Sinners ſmitten,
Wounded, bruiſed, ſerpent-bitten,
To his Croſs directs their Faith.
Why ſhould I then Poiſon cheriſh?
Why deſpair of Cure, and periſh?
Look, my Soul, tho' ſtung to Death.

5. Thine 's (alas!) a loſt Condition.
Works cannot work Thee Remiſſion:
Nor thy Goodneſs do thee Good.
Death 's within thee, all about thee;
But the Remedy 's without thee:
See it in thy Saviour's Blood.

6. See the Lord of Glory dying!
See him gaſping! Hear him crying!
See his burden'd P[illegible] heave!
Look, ye Sinners, ye that hung him;
Look, how deep your Sins have ſtung him!
Dying Sinners, look, and live.

VII.

The Relative Duties.

1. CHriſtians, in your ſev'ral Stations,
Dutiful to all Relations,
Give to each his proper Due.
Let not their unkind Behaviour
Make you diſobey your Saviour:
His Command 's the Rule for You.

2. Parents, be to Children tender.
Children, full Obedience render
To your Parents, in the Lord.
Never ſlight, nor diſreſpect them;
Nor, thro' Pride, when old reject them:
'Tis the Precept of the Word.

3. Wives, to Husbands yield Subjection.
Husbands, with a kind Affection,
Cherish, as Yourselves, your Wives.
Masters, rule with Moderation,
Sway'd by Justice, not by Passion:
To the Scriptures square your Lives.

4. Servants, serve your Masters truly,
Not unfaithful, nor unruly,
To the good—nor to the bad;
Not refusing what you 're bidden,
Nor replying, when you 're chidden:
'Tis the Ordinance of God.

5. This shall solve th' important Question,
Whether thou 'rt a real Christian,
Better than each golden Dream.
Better far than Lip-Expression,
Tow'ring Notions, great Profession,
This shall shew your Love to Him.

VIII.

The Scriptures.

1. SAY, Christian; wouldst thou thrive
In Knowledge of thy Lord?
Against no Scripture ever strive;
But tremble at his Word.

2. Revere the sacred Page.
To injure any Part
Betrays, with blind and feeble Rage,
A hard and haughty Heart.

3. If ought there dark appear,
Bewail thy Want of Sight:
No Imperfection can be there:
For all God's Words are right.

4. The Scriptures and the Lord
Bear one tremendous Name:

The

The written, and th' Incarnate Word
In all Things are the ſame.

5. For Jeſus is the Truth,
As well as Life and Way.
The two-edg'd Sword that 's in his Mouth,
Shall all proud Reas'ners ſlay.

6. Why doſt thou call him Lord;
And what he ſays reſiſt?
The Soul that ſtumbles at the Word,
Offended is at Chriſt.

7. The Thoughts of Man are Lies.
The Word of God is true.
To bow to *That* is to be wiſe:
Then hear, and fear, and Do.

IX.

Suffer the Word of Exhortation. Heb. xiii. 22.

1. TAKE heed, ye Chriſtians, how ye hear.
Pay ev'ry Truth Reſpect.
The Word of Exhortation bear;
Not treat with cold Neglect.

2. Deſpiſe not thoſe that would you warn.
Remember, this is true;
He that his Duty will not learn,
His Duty will not do.

3. Who ſlights, in any Part, God's Word,
Shews a too haughty Look.
The ſlothful Soul will not be ſtirr'd;
Nor Scorners hear Rebuke.

4. Better 's a Babe, that would be wiſe,
Than thoſe who mind high Things:
Whoſe long Profeſſion ſcorns Advice,
Thoſe old and fooliſh Kings.

5. Lord, let me not, by Pride entic'd,
Thy Precepts count a Load.
Help me to keep the Faith of Christ,
And the Commands of God.

X.

Treasure in Heaven. 2 Hymns.

1. REmember, Man, thy Birth;
Set not on Gold thy Heart.
Naked thou cam'st upon the Earth;
And naked must depart.

2. This World's vain Wealth despise:
Happiness is not here.
To Jesus lift thy longing Eyes;
And seek thy Treasure there.

3. Be wise to run thy Race,
And cast off ev'ry Load.
Strive to be rich in Works of Grace:
Be rich towards thy God.

4. The Poor may thus be rich,
Their Means however small.
When rich Men once gave very much,
Two Mites exceeded all.

5. If Profit be thy Scope,
Diffuse thy Alms about:
The Worldling prospers laying up:
The Christian, laying out.

6. Returns will not be scant,
With Honour in the high'st:
For who relieves his Brethren's Want,
Bestows his Alms on Christ.

7. Give gladly to the Poor.
'Tis lending to the Lord.

In

In ſecret ſo increaſe thy Store;
And hide in Heav'n the Hoard.

8. There thou mayſt fear no Thief;
No rankling Ruſt nor Moth.
Thy Treaſure and thy Heart are ſafe:
Where One is, will be Both.

XI.

1. LUkewarm Souls, the Foe grows ſtronger,
See what Hoſts your Camp ſurround.
Arm to Battle; lag no longer.
Hark! The Silver Trumpets ſound.
Wake, ye Sleepers; wake. What mean you?
Sin beſets you round about.
Up, and ſearch. The World's within you:
Slay, or chaſe the Traitor out.

2. What enchants you; Pelf, or Pleaſure?
Pluck right Eyes; with right Hands part.
Aſk your Conſcience, where's your Treaſure?
For, be certain, there's your Heart.
Give the fawning Foe no Credit.
Lo! the bloody Flag's unfurl'd.
That baſe Heart (the Word has ſaid it)
Loves not God, that loves the World.

3. God and Mammon? Oh! be wiſer.
Serve them Both? It cannot be.
Eaſe in Warfare, Saint and Miſer,
Theſe will never well agree.
Shun the Shame of foully falling
Cumber'd Captives clogg'd with Clay.
Prove your Faith. Make ſure your Calling.
Wield the Sword; and win the Day.

4. Forward preſs toward Perfection.
Watch, and pray; and all Things prove.

Seels

Seek to know your God's Election;
Search his everlasting Love.
Dread Backsliding; scorn Dissembling.
Now Salvation's near in View.
Work it out, with Fear and Trembling:
'Tis your God that works in You.

XII.

Pray without ceasing. 1 Thess. v. 17.

1. PRay'r was appointed to convey
The Blessings God designs to give.
Long as they live should Christians pray:
For only while they pray, they *live.*

2. The Christian's Heart his Pray'r indites;
He speaks as prompted from within.
The Spirit his Petition writes;
And Christ receives, and gives it in.

3. And wilt thou in dead Silence lie,
When Christ stands waiting for thy Pray'r?
My Soul, thou hast a Friend on high:
Arise, and try thy Int'rest there.

4. If Pain afflict, or Wrongs oppress;
If Cares distract; or Fears dismay;
If Guilt deject; if Sin distress;
The Remedy's before thee. Pray.

5. 'Tis Pray'r supports the Soul that's weak;
Tho' Thought be broken, Language lame.
Pray; if thou canst, or canst not, speak:
But pray with Faith in Jesu's Name.

6. Depend on Him; thou canst not fail.
Make all thy Wants and Wishes known.
Fear not; his Merits must prevail:
Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done.

XIII.

XIII.

The Lord's Prayer.

1. FAther of Spir'ts in Heav'n and Earth,
Higher than all that 's high'ſt,
God of our firſt, and ſecond Birth,
Father of Jeſus Chriſt,

2. Let All, with Rev'rence, and with Love,
Thy ſacred Name adore.
Set up thy Throne all Thrones above;
And reign for evermore.

3. Help us thy Pleaſure to fulfil,
As done by heav'nly Pow'rs.
Accompliſh in us all thy Will:
And let that Will be ours.

4. Our Souls and Bodies feed, we pray,
With Food that thou ſeeſt beſt:
We aſk our Portion for the Day;
And leave to Thee the reſt.

5. Let Mercy pardon all our Crimes;
Which Juſtice muſt condemn.
As Some have wrong'd us many time
And we would pardon Them.

6. Let not Temptation us befal,
Temptation from the Dev'l;
But reſcue and defend us all
From ev'ry Thing that 's Ev'l.

7. Thine is the Kingdom, thine the Pow'r,
O'er Angels, and o'er Men;
The Glory too for evermore
Is thine. AMEN. AMEN.

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